

An ornate, symmetrical decorative frame with intricate scrollwork and floral motifs, enclosing the title and year.

# THE BOMB

1903



With love.

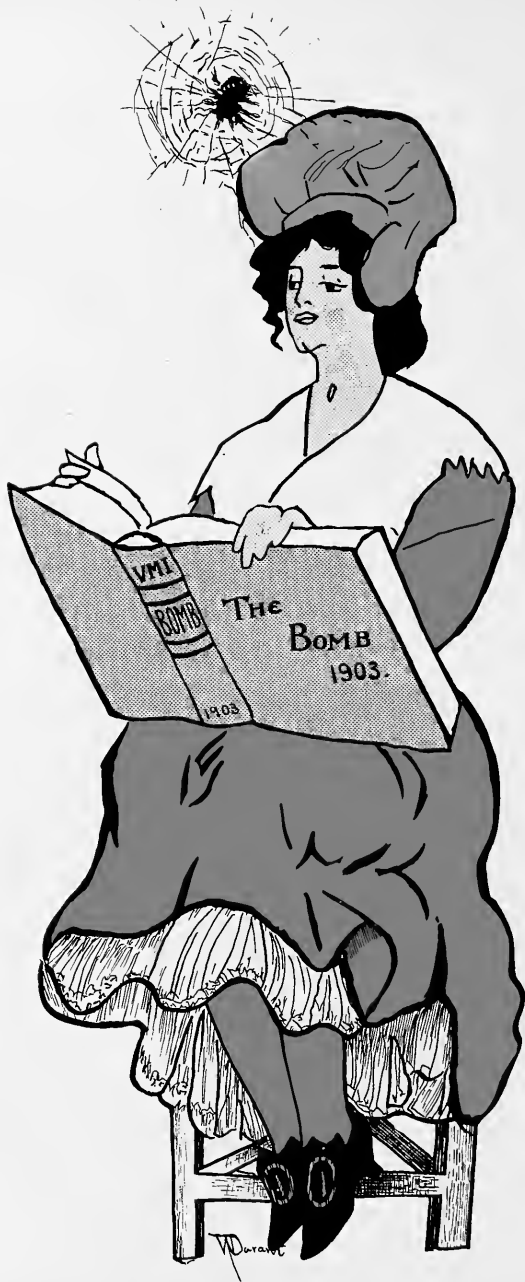
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June 15<sup>th</sup>/03



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# THE BOMB

OF THE



VIRGINIA  
MILITARY  
INSTITUTE



CLASS 1903.

PUBLISHED ANNUALLY BY THE  
FIRST CLASS.

LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA, JUNE, 1903.

VOL. XIX.





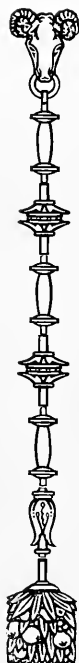


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*In appreciation of his noble gift; in admiration of his genius; and as a mark of the esteem in which he is held by the Corps of Cadets of the Virginia Military Institute, the members of the Class of 1903 dedicate this volume to*

*Sir Moses Ezekiel*

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SIR MOSES EZEKIEL.

## Sir Moses Ezekiel.



SIR MOSES EZEKIEL, of Rome, Italy, is also a Virginian.

A noted sculptor, he is a son of the Virginia Military Institute of whom she is justly proud. Visitors to the Eternal City bring back accounts of him as the charming host and the much-sought-after guest of cultivated Roman society. His studio occupies one of the Cyclopean halls of the Baths of Diocletian.

Art critics are equally warm in praise of his work. That work does not chill the average beholder as does much expressed in stone and bronze but appeals with the force and vividness of portraits in color.

Take for instance the presentment of the wife of Ambassador White, at Cornell University. Take also the bust of Liszt who was, by the way, a close friend of the sculptor. "From the life" one's very first glance at it explains why the great pianist preferred this to any other model ever made of him. Upon his preference openly expressed many and various musical institutions have set the seal of their approval by their purchase of this representation of the wizard of tones.

Commissioned in 1874 by the Jewish Order, Sons of the Covenant, to produce a representation of "Religious Liberty" for the Centennial Exposition, he created the impressive group which stands in Fairmount Park. It is, I have understood, the largest group cut in modern times from a single block of marble and is significant of the legend which it bears: "True Liberty Destroys Intolerance."

Nearly four hundred years before, the D'Castros and D'Israels, from whom Ezekiel's maternal and paternal grandparents had sprung, left their native Spain because of the terrors of the inquisition during the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella

No alien, but he who felt the pathos as well as shared the glory of that magnificent struggle, portrayed Ezekiel's "Confederate Soldier"—"Sketch" though he calls it.

His "Christ Entombed" ranks among his finest productions. The sculptor, himself "of pure Hebrew lineage," has given to the Nazarene his own inheritance, "a distinctive Hebrew type of countenance." This beauti-



ful form with serene, majestic countenance was purchased by the City of Paris and now reposes in the chapel built as memorial of the victims of that frightful bazaar fatality which shocked humanity several years ago.

It was this touching figure of the Master of Sorrows which attracted to the sculptor the attention of Queen Margherita, of Italy, who conferred Knighthood upon Ezekiel.

In 1900 Louisville, Kentucky, unveiled his heroic Jefferson with allegorical pedestal which is "beautiful; the pose is spirited and graceful, the face beautiful, refined and the expression exalted."

Ezekiel was born on East Main street, Richmond, Virginia, October 28th, 1844. Hewas the son of Katherine de Castro and Jacob Ezekiel. A member of Company C, of the Cadet Battalion, and also of the Color Guard; he was of that band of heroes who helped to make Newmarket immortal—that wonderful time, I may call it—the 15th of May, 1864, never to be forgotten.

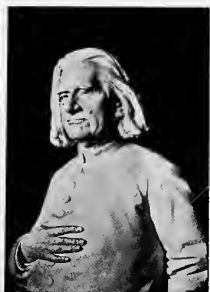
Cadet Thomas Jefferson shong Hill and was carried Anna Hupp. The next morn-panied him to Mr. Cline-better attention. Ezekiel return a pillow and an old ferson. To keep this promise barefooted, for he had lost account of the wet, muddy Clinedinst gave him a pair sidered—as would have many precious gift and for which twisting calico strips to-

He then remained at the ing him with an affection and devotion equal to that of a woman until Cadet Jefferson died, when "Ezekiel's grief brought tears to the stoutest hearts."

A memento of that time Sir Moses brought when he last came to Lexington, and it now hangs in the Institute Library. After the battle as the corps of cadets passed through Staunton the young ladies of the town crowned the Virginia Military Institute colors with laurel. In Richmond a new stand was presented and Ezekiel carried the wreath of laurel upon his arm until he gave it into the keeping of his sister who stood watching the cadets march past. These now historic leaves she treasured till her brother brought them back, as I have said, to his Alma Mater. His own fingers have burned into the gray background of their mounting this history of the tribute such as good women ever yield to brave men.

We know how "Hunter's Raid" left but "one building standing upon the Institute grounds," but in October, '65, the Institute





re-opened. The cadets boarded in the town; Cadets Ezekiel, Longstreet and Fulton Wright at Mr. Samuel J. Campbell's. All went to the temporary quarters of the different officers to recite, and the now-celebrated sculptor received the diploma of the Virginia Military Institute in the Presbyterian Church, where the graduation exercises of the Class of '66 were held.

Ezekiel next studied anatomy in the Medical College of Virginia. 1868 saw him in Cincinnati, the next year at the Royal Academy of Art, in Berlin, working under Professors Domschke and Siemering. When the summer vacation of 1870 came with the war between France and Prussia, Ezekiel feeling the necessity of earning means for the continuation of his studies,

became special war correspondent of the New York Herald. He wrote a series of brilliant letters from the Baltic coast.

At Pillau he was suspected of being a French spy and was confined eight days in prison. After the war he returned to Berlin and continued his studies under Hoffman, and in 1872 under Albert Wolf.

His colossal bust of Washington opened to him the society of artists and he was the first foreigner to win the Michael Beer "Prize of Rome." This he gained by his relief of "Israel." The Senate of the Royal Academy publicly crowned it with a wreath of laurel and awarded him fifteen hundred thalers for two years' residence at Rome.

During the quarter of a century that he has dwelt in the "Eternal City" he has created many masterpieces, mostly ideal statues, reliefs and busts; among the busts those of Homer, David, Eve, Cardinal Hohenlohe, and one of Lord Sherbrooke for Westminster Abbey. His "Faith" stands in a Roman cemetery, a Madonna of his in a church at Tivoli. Berlin possesses his "Apollo and Mercury," as well as his "Welcome" and "Farewell." The Grand Opera House of Paris has his marble "Pan and Love." His "Fountain of Neptune" is owned by an Italian city. Alma Tadema values highly several of his works in marble and bronze. "Many more of his statues, busts and reliefs are in England, France, Germany, Austria and Hungary."

The famous Dutch author, Carl Vosmaer, has "strongly emphasized him as a rival hero in 'The Amazon';" and Gabrielle D'Annunzio has recently contributed "verses to his genius."

The Peabody Institute has a fine specimen of his work in his "Head of Christ," and one of the parks of Philadelphia his colossal bust of Governor Curtin, while the art museums of Cincinnati and Chicago, and private collections show the marble torso of Judith—"a magnificent, terribly beautiful creature";





THOMAS JEFFERSON WITH ALLEGORICAL PEDESTAL.

"Salome," "The Martyr," colossal bronzes of "David," "Washington," and marble busts of Longfellow, King, Murdoch, McDonald, Longworth and many others. Indeed, about a dozen private collections of Cincinnati boast several of his bronzes and marbles. New York possesses his Lincoln and the monument with allegorical pedestal erected to the memory of the banker, Seligman. Before shipment from Rome the Queen, the American Ambassador and others were the first to see the work which L'Italie pronounced "a work in every way exceptional," and "later a crowd of artists, sculptors, painters and architects wished to render homage to the talent of the sculptor Ezekiel and expressed their admiration for his work." Three of his marbles are owned in Baltimore. "The Sailor Boy," "Grace Darling," "Consolation," and "Command" are elsewhere. At the capital of his own land the Navy Yard possesses one heroic bronze, while the Corcoran niches eleven of his colossal statues of the great artists and the marble bust of Jefferson looks down from above the Speaker's chair in the Senate Chamber.

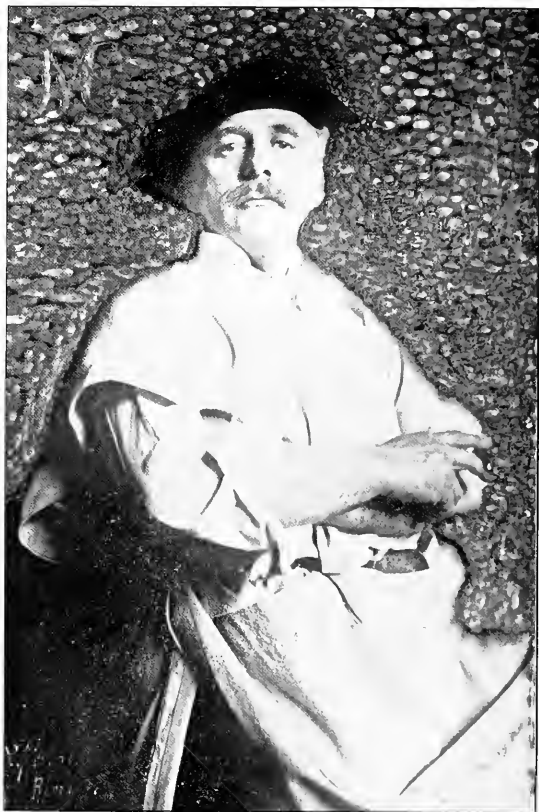
Ezekiel has received many distinctions and is a member of various academies and the recipient of many gold and silver medals. In 1877 the Cavalier's Cross of Merit was conferred on him by the Grand Duke of Saxe Meiningen and later on he was knighted by the Emperor of Germany.

And now that this son of the Virginia Military Institute has "climbed up to his pedestal" he has given of his highest self to his Alma Mater. "Virginia Mourning Her Dead" needs no interpreter. Majestic in her woe, she but speaks through her pathos of those who, living or dead, are immortal, who to-day and for always are "her crown and her great glory."

R. A. MARR.



We are indebted to H. C. Ezekiel, Mrs. F. C. Brauer and Dr. J. H. Campbell for facts and photographs.



EZEKIEL, The Artist: And His Work.



# Ezekiel's Works.



The exact number of Ezekiel's works as near as can be ascertained is as follows:

## RICHMOND, VIRGINIA—1866.

Bust of his father, Jacob Ezekiel.

Bust of "Cain," or "The Offering Rejected."

## CINCINNATI, OHIO, 1867.

Statuette of "Industry."

## BERLIN 1869-73.

Basso Relievo "Schiller" and "Goethe."

Recumbent Sketch Bacchante.

Statue "Virginia Mourning Her Dead," at Virginia Military Institute, Lexington, Va.

Basso Relievo "Israel," (Michael Beer Prize of Rome).

Basso Relievo "Adam and Eve find Abel," subject given for Michael Beer Prize of Rome.

Colossal bust of Washington in Art Museum, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Caryatides for Herr Becker's residence, Berlin.

Relief for front of Herr Becker's Berlin residence.

Relievi "Consolation" and "Confession," Prof. Leo's Villa, Berlin.

Fountain for Herr Becker's conservatory.

Busts, Mr. and Mrs. Becker.

Marble busts, "Grace Darling," "Sailor Boy," and "Mercury" for Mrs. Hannah E. Workum, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Colossal Bust "Minerva" for Herr Becker's house.

Herm Pedestal "Pan," garden ornament.

Model for a monument to Admiral Farragut, U. S. N.

Basso Relievo Portrait of Admiral Farragut, U. S. N.

Basso Relievo Portrait Gen. R. E. Lee in State Library, Richmond, Va.

Portrait Relief Mrs. Wolff, Berlin.

Portrait Relief Mrs. Muller, Hamburg.

## CINCINNATI, OHIO, 1874.

Marble Portrait Reliefs of his parents, Jacob and Catherine Ezekiel.

Marble Portrait Relief of H. C. Ezekiel, Cincinnati, Ohio.

PARIS AND ROME, 1874-1886.

- "Religious Liberty" group in marble, Fairmount Park, Philadelphia.  
Marble Bas-Relief of "Pan" and "Amor," Mrs. Chas. Fleischmann, Cincinnati, Ohio.  
Marble Torso "Judith" for Mrs. Bellamy Storer in Art Museum, Cincinnati, Ohio.  
Marble Bust "Christ" or "The Martyr" for J. W. McKoy, Baltimore, Md.  
Marble Bust "Jessica" for B. B. Hotchkiss, Paris, France.  
Bronze Statuette "Spinoza," A. G. Boffinger and H. C. Ezekiel, Cincinnati, Ohio.  
Marble Bust "Judith," Mrs. Haydock, Cincinnati, Ohio.  
Marble Statue "Faith," J. W. McKoy, Baltimore, Md.  
Bronze Statue "Faith," Gustav R. Fries, Cincinnati, Ohio.  
Bronze Bust of B. B. Hotchkiss, Navy Yard, Washington, D. C.  
Marble Bust of and monument to Frederick Hauser, Cincinnati, Ohio.  
Model for a statue "David."  
"Homer" group, studio, Rome.  
Neptune Fountain, Nettuno, Italy.  
Elder "Beethoven," Bust, studio, Rome.  
Young "Beethoven," Bust, studio, Rome.  
"Portia," Marble Bust, M. Dulon, Paris.  
"Faith," Bronze Statue, Mrs. Link, Danzig.  
Miss Edith Lack, Marble Bust, Plymouth, England.  
Marble Statue of "Lee as a Boy" for Westmoreland, Va.  
Marble Portrait bust of Prince Cardinal Gustav von Hohenlohe.  
"Liszt," Marble bust—Original and replicas made for the following:  
Marble—Dr. Normand Smith, New York.  
Bronze—Cardinal Hohenlohe, on Monument at Schillingsfurst, Bavaria.  
Plaster—International Art Club, Rome.  
Bronze—German Art Club, Rome.  
Marble Portrait Bust of Mr. Warden, Philadelphia, Pa.  
Bronze Bust of Fedor Encke; Edward Stieglitz, New York.  
Statue of "Eve," Studio, Rome.  
Marble Statue of Gen. B. B. Hotchkiss' daughter, Paris.  
Marble Portrait Busts of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Harjo, Paris, France.  
Marble Portrait Relief of M. Dulon, Paris.  
Marble Portrait Busts of Mr. and Mrs. Joel Fithian, Paris.  
Marble Statue "Eve," Max Lowenstein, Paris.  
Bronze Fragment from the Crucifixion of Christ "Consummatum Est," Mrs. Seymour Samuels, Cincinnati, Ohio.  
Bronze Statue, "Faith," L. Alma Tadema, London.  
Marble Portrait Relief of Miss Annie Tunstall, Lynchburg, Va.  
Bronze Portrait Relief of W. W. Corcoran, Art Gallery, Washington, D. C.  
Marble Portrait Relief of Miss Sanderson, Milwaukee.  
Marble Portrait Bust of Countess Sempronio, Rome.  
Torso, "Queen Esther," studio, Rome.

Sketch Portrait Bust of Adolfo De Bosis, Rome.  
 Marble Bust of "Shelly," Mrs. Seymour Samuels, Cincinnati, Ohio.  
 Heroic Marble Statues Corcoran Art Gallery: Phidias, Raphael, Durer, Michael Angelo, Titian, Murillo Da Vinci, Canova, Rembrandt, Rubens, Crawford.  
 Marble Portrait Bust of Alexander Macdonald, Cincinnati, Ohio.  
 Marble Portrait Bust of Bellamy Storer, Cincinnati, Ohio.  
 Marble Portrait Bust of Prof. Morris, John Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md.  
 Marble Portrait Bust of Mr. J. D. Lankanan, Philadelphia.  
 Marble Portrait Bust of Mrs. A. D. White, Ithaca, N. Y.  
 Recumbent Marble Statue of Mrs. A. D. White, Chapel of Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.  
 Marble Bust Balthazar Roth, Cincinnati, Ohio.  
 Marble Bust of Mrs. Mathilda Moch Mayer, Cincinnati, Ohio.  
 Marble Bust of Thomas Jefferson for Senate Chamber, Washington, D. C.

1889-1899.

Recumbent Marble Statue of "Christ in the Tomb," for Memorial Chapel, Rue Jean Goujoun, Paris, France.  
 Marble Mural Monument and Bust of Lord Sherbrooke for St. Margaret's, Westminster Abbey, London, England.  
 Marble and Bronze Monument to Jesse Seligman in Jewish Orphan Asylum, New York City.  
 Colossal Marble Portrait Bust of the Tragedian James E. Murdock, in Public Library, Cincinnati, Ohio.  
 Portrait Marble Relief of Margherita, Queen of Italy, Mr. Theodore Workum, Cincinnati, Ohio.  
 Colossal Bronze Statue of Columbus for the Columbus Memorial Building, Chicago, Ill.  
 Heroic Bronze Statue of Thomas Jefferson with allegorical pedestal for Bernheim Brothers, to be presented to the city of Louisville, Kentucky, and unveiled on July 4, 1900.  
 Bronze Portrait Bust of Rev. Dr. Isaac M. Wise for Plum Street Temple, Cincinnati, Ohio.  
 Marble Bust of Abraham Lincoln for Mr. Nathaniel Myers, New York.  
 Marble Bust of Rufus King in Law Library, Cincinnati, Ohio.  
 Colossal Marble Bust of Henry W. Longfellow in Art Museum, Cincinnati, Ohio.  
 Marble Portrait Relievi, Mr. Levi J. Workum, Mrs. Hannah, E. Workum, Mrs. Sarah Levy Workum, Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, Mrs. Lawrence Poland, Mrs. Chas. L. Mills, Cincinnati, Ohio.  
 "Alpha, and Omega," Hannah E. Workum and S. I. Ezekiel.  
 Jeptha and Ezekiel Workum Memorial Monument.  
 The Bischof Family Monument.  
 Katherine Bernheim Loth Monument.  
 Moses and Hannah Waterman Monument.  
 Ezekiel Family Mural Slab, Philadelphia.

Angel for Miss Atkinson's Tomb, London, England. Brompton Cemetery.  
 Relievo over 13th Century Church Door in Tivoli (Madonna and Child) 1891.  
 Marble Relief of Miss Virginia Bullock, Mobile, Ala. (1896)  
 Marble Relief of Mrs. McKibben, Dresden, Germany (1894).  
 Marble Bust of W. W. Andrews, Cleveland, Ohio (1893).  
 Marble Bust of Dr. Joseph Aub, Cincinnati, Ohio.  
 Statue Sketch of Bismarck, Studio, Rome.  
 Statue Sketch "Virginia Regenerated," Studio, Rome.  
 Sketch Model for Harrison Monument, Cincinnati, Ohio.  
 Several Sketch Models for Lee Monument, Richmond, Va.  
 Plaster Bust of Hannah Waterman, Studio, Rome.  
 Marble Group, half size, "Apollo and Mercury," for Mr. Weißbach, Berlin.  
 Marble Relief, Master Lee Ault, Cincinnati, Ohio.  
 Marble Relief Lady Harry Pelly, London, England.  
 Marble Relief, Sir Edgar Vincent, Constantinople, Turkey.  
 Marble Bust (Colored) Sir John Pender, London.  
 Marble Bust of Viscount Lord Sherbrooke for Lady Sherbrooke, London.  
 Several plaster models of reliefs of Her Majesty, Queen Margaret of Italy at  
 various ages before and after marriage.  
 Marble bust of "Liszt," Mr. Whittemore.  
 Marble Bust of Saint George, Mr. Whittemore.  
 Marble Bust of Mr. McAlpin, Cincinnati, Ohio.  
 Bronze Bust of "Liszt," Mr. David Workum, Cincinnati, Ohio.  
 Bronze Bust of "David," Cincinnati Club.





## Foreword.



**T**HE Board of Editors, representing the class of 1903 of the Virginia Military Institute, beg to present this, the nineteenth volume of *The Bomb*.

We believe that no ray of sunshine has ever fallen on our lives to be forgotten: so that in years to come when the more serious duties of life occupy our time, though we be scattered far and wide never again to be united as a class, those happenings that have afforded us much happiness as cadets, will bring to our memory only pleasant recollections of the past. For this reason, we have endeavored to trace the happier outlines of a four-years' union. It is hardly necessary to mention that the intent to wound or to embitter the feelings of others has been far from our thoughts; but if one carries away a thought after having read this volume, let that thought be this: that the remembrance of pleasant memories is the best antidote for pain.

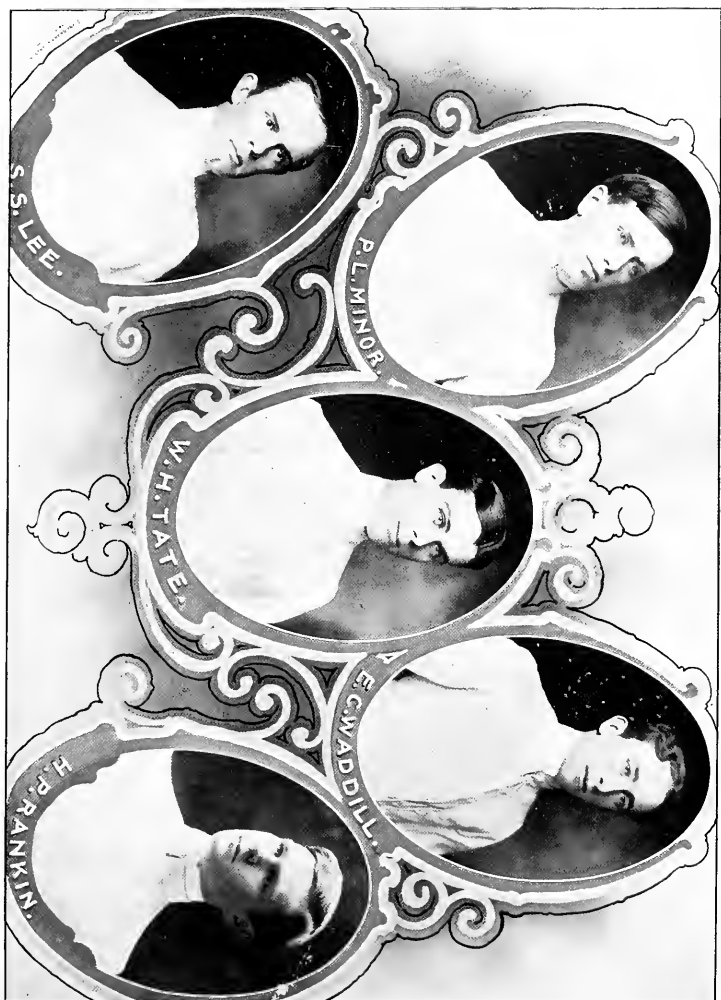
In conclusion, we tender our most cordial thanks to all who have assisted so materially in making this book a success; and especially are we grateful to those who have assisted in the practical part of the work.

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Red, White, and Yellow.

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Rah! Rah! Rah! Vir-gin-ia!

Military Institute! Rah! Rah! Rah!

Rah! Hoo! Ri! Rah! Hoo! Ri!

Ri! Ri! V. M. I.!





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# Vocabulary of V. M. I.



SLANG FOR THE USE OF THE READERS OF THE "BOMB."



BAT—To do a thing well.

BLUES—A First Classman's uniform.

BONE—To study; to report a cadet.

BRACE—To do better.

BUCK—A form of hazing "rats."

BULL—One who does not do well in his studies.

BULL-RAT—One who goes over the Fourth Class twice.

BUM—To borrow and not return.

BUST—To reduce a cadet officer to the ranks.

BUTT—A stump of a cigarette.

CALIC—One of the fair sex.

CALICOING—Calling.

CIT—A civilian.

CITS—Citizens' clothes.

CRIP—An easy problem.

DECK—A chance to return evil for evil.

DIKE—Accouterment—belts, plates, etc.

DIP—Diploma.

DOG—A certain kind of sausage.

DRAG—To have a pull with a professor.

**EXAMS**—Examinations.

**EXCESS**—To get over twenty demerits for one month.

**FEED**—When one is invited out to dine.

**FIEND**—One who “bats” a certain study.

**FLUNK**—To “fuse-out” on a recitation.

**FOUND**—Deficient on an “Exam.”

**FUSE-OUT**—To miss.

**FUSSING**—Calling on calic.

**GIM**—The surgeon.

**GLIM**—The electric light.

**GRAYS**—Gray uniform.

**GROWLEY**—English breakfast hash—an unsolved mystery.

**HIKE**—To clean up a room.

**HIT**—Same as “bat.”

**IPSO**—Totally deficient.

**LAB**—Laboratory.

**MAX**—To obtain the maximum mark.

**MONISH**—Money.

**MOUSE**—A small rat.

**NIPPED**—To be caught breaking the regulations.

**NON-REG**—Not in regulation.

**O. C.**—Officer in charge.

**O. D.**—Officer of the Day.

**O. G.**—Officer of the Guard.

PACERS—Those who walk penalty-tours.

Q. M.—Quarter Master.

RAM—Same as bone.

RAT—A Fourth Classman.

REC'S—Recommendations for officers.

REG—Opposite to “non-reg.”

RIDE—To get excused when not sick; “Riding the Gim.”

RODENT—Same as “rat.”

ROLL—To get anything by unfair means.

RUNNING—Trying for something.

RUNNING THE BLOCK—To go out the limits without permission.

SCRAPINGS—Materials to roll a cigarette.

SERG—Sergeant.

SHAG—To copy.

SHIPPED—Dismissed.

SOCKED—Same as “boned.”

SUB—A Sub-professor.

SUPE—The Superintendent; a supernumerary.

SUT'S—The Sutler's Shop.

TORCH—A match.

TOUR—An hour's walk in the court yard.

TOURIST—One who is walking a “tour.”

WHITE—Applied to an officer who is liked by the Cadets.

## Class of 1903.

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Colors—  
White and Emerald Green.

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### OFFICERS.

S. S. LEE, Virginia . . . . . President.  
J. H. ELLERSON, Virginia . . . . . Vice-President.  
P. L. MINOR, Pennsylvania . . . . . Historian.

IN MEMORIAM.

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HARRY P. STURDIVANT,

CLASS '03, V. M. I.

DIED NOVEMBER 18TH. 1899, AT SALEM, VA.

---

LEROY GRESHAM WIMBERLY,

CLASS '03, V. M. I.

DIED MAY 7TH, 1902, AT TYLER, TEXAS.

WILLIAM B. ANDERSON,

405 Clay Street, Richmond, Va.



"He is not short, he is quite tall,  
He is the lad that courts them all."

"Bill," "Wilhelm," "Shorty." A long, lean, and lanky boy, whose only aim in life is to rank Colonel T. and Freddie, and subjugate "Tommy." We think it more than likely that he will be a mineralogist, or a geologist, or probably both.



RICHARD H. BROWN,

Tyler, Texas.

"I will not budge an inch and I will be heard."

"Dick," "Bird," "Eye." It is too bad that his first and only thought is of his stomach. A good carver and an excessive talker. No matter on what subject you may be talking, he can always go you one better.



WILLIAM L. CARNEAL, Jr.,

8 Broad Street, Richmond, Va.



"'T was sad by fits, by starts was wild."—*Collins*.

"Fish," "Willie," "Cat." Will he ever stop talking? When he first arrived from Richmond he was so excitable, but under the careful management of Wilhelm he has tamed considerably. Has become a devoted admirer of the "fair sex," and even receives scented letters from Philadelphia quite often.



MILTON E. FORD,

609 15th Street, Washington, D. C.

"Hence, bashful cunning, and prompt me, plain and holy innocence."—*Shakespeare*.

"Little P," "Sadie," "Freddie." His occupations are many and varied. The one he is especially fond of is, we think, feeding gasoline to the engine.





D. MILTON FRENCH,

Alexandria, Va.



"Bed, bed, bed, blessed bed,  
Heaven upon earth for a weary head."  
—*Shakespeare.*

"Dannie," "Dutch." Such a quiet little fellow we have never seen; but with all his quietness he has lately developed into quite a calic's man. We are afraid that he is developing many bad habits though, and would suggest that some one look after him.



FRANZ J. HEIBERGER,

Washington, D. C.

"Rare compound of oddity, frolic and fun,  
Who relishes a joke and rejoices in a pun."  
—*Goldsmith.*

"Bug," "Fritz." He believes that life is one huge joke and has made it so to the total undoing of poor "Old Rip."



SIDNEY SMITH LEE,

Fredericksburg, Va.



"What cursed hand has made thee hairless."

"Dummy," "Rip Van Winkle," "Nip," "Baldy." One whose only desire is to entertain. It is too bad that his "saw-dust tea," was a failure. Lately we have noticed a decrease in his growth of hair; some one must have pulled it out. However, an increased supply of petroleum will fix matters.



ROBERT N. MACOMBER,

805 E. Grace Street, Richmond, Va.

"I pray thee be not so satirical."

"Snitch," "Shadow," "Batty." Belongs to the retinue of Colonel T's favorites. Such a combination of nick-names we have never seen, and they are so characteristic, too. It has often been wondered what he saw from the roof. Freddie would like to know at any rate.



PHILIP L. MINOR,

Uniontown, Pa.



"I did not dream when love first came  
How terrible, how bitter it could be."

—*Smart Set.*

"Rooster," "Roostervelt." "The Great  
"Un——," "Foxy." A most entertaining  
chap; well versed upon every subject, but prin-  
cipally upon spelling and pronunciation. Among  
his numerous faults is the "dip fault," or in  
plainer language his utter dislike for anything  
which has the appearance of water.



JOHN F. PHILIPS,

Tyler, Texas.

"Really if a man won't let us know he's olive, he's dead, or  
should be so."

"Phil," "Chollie." The fact that he is  
from Texas and at the same time extremely quiet  
seems so hard to believe. We have often won-  
dered how such a thing could be possible.



HARRY P. RANKIN,

Luray, Virginia.



"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright."—*Psalms*.

"Tang," "Uncle Nat," "Animal." This "animal" was found nearly four years ago as a well preserved fossil in Luray Cave, and was brought to the Virginia Military Institute. It has been the source of great wonder and astonishment ever since.



WILLIAM H. TATE,

709 Carrollton Ave., Baltimore, Md.

"He knew whatever's to be known  
But much more than he knew would own."

"Weary," "Father," "Willie." One who knows it all, so it's advisable not to differ with him on any subject. He is very, very skeptical, too, so when conversing with him it is essential that you have your proofs ready.





"He is known as the Interrogation Point."—*Mark Twain.*

"Judge," "Calic," "Terry," "?", "Me-o-w-w." A diminutive specimen of humanity who has never recovered from "baby-days" language, as can be plainly seen from the following—his favorite expression: "I te' you its 'es 'ike 'is." It really is surprising what a degree of curiosity he possesses. It has been noticed of late, however, that "Old Billey's" orders are not in his line and also the express man has fallen considerably in his estimation.



## Our Ex-Classmates.



Aull, R. P.,  
St. Louis, Mo.  
Alexander, Percy,  
Shreveport, La.  
Berry, Artie G.,  
Fort Smith, Ark.  
Bonefeld, Herman A.,  
Galveston, Tex.  
Bowen, S. Bishop,  
Germantown, Pa.  
Bridges, David Q.,  
Richmond, Va.  
Campbell, J. C.,  
St. Louis, Mo.  
Childs, Farley C.,  
New York, N. Y.  
Chinn, A. Julian,  
Frankfort, Ky.  
Claggett, Ralph B.,  
Lexington, Va.  
Clarke, Colie,  
Weldon, N. C.,  
Cohen, Rodney S.,  
Augusta, Ga.  
Cottrell, James L.,  
Richmond, Va.  
Crenshaw, John L.,  
Orange C. H., Va.  
Curtis, Alfred P.,  
Richmond, Va.  
Davis, Allen W.,  
Midway, Ky.  
Dudley, B. S.,  
Nashville, Tenn.  
Dyal, Otis L.,  
Dyall, Fla.

Ehlan, Frank S.,  
Baltimore, Md.  
Emerson, Neil D.,  
Wilmington, N. C.  
Faris, William H.,  
Richmond, Va.  
Gettys, Park E.,  
Knoxville, Tenn.  
Gilmore, George H.,  
Chase City, Va.  
Harr, Edward E.,  
Design, Va.  
Halsey, Franklin S.,  
Rapidan Sta., Va.  
Haskins, Albert L.,  
Richmond, Va.  
Hayes, W. P.,  
Louisville, Ky.  
Henkle, S. Godfrey,  
Staunton, Va.  
Hertzog, Ernest L.,  
Spartanburg, S. C.  
Hickman, William T.,  
Owensboro, Ky.  
Hicks, John,  
Rockdale, Tex.  
Humphreys, Ormond L.,  
Bedford City, Va.  
Hutchinson, Donald W.,  
Rockville, Ind.  
Hutton, A. Preston,  
Abingdon, Va.  
Hyneman, L. F.,  
Lexington, Ill.  
Ingles, William L.,  
Madison, Fla.

Isaacs, L.,  
     Richmond, Va.  
 Jackson, Robert A.,  
     Petersburg, Va.  
 Johnson, Bradley T. Jr.,  
     Richmond, Va.  
 Johnston, Fred B.,  
     Fort Smith, Ark.  
 Jones, James T.,  
     Cape Charles, Va.  
 Keyser, Joseph W.,  
     Washington, Va.  
 Kiser, John F.,  
     Atlanta, Ga.  
 Langhorne, Wm. H.,  
     Greenwood, Va.  
 Lovell, Enos T.,  
     Crowley, La.  
 Loughridge, S. A.,  
     Lexington, Ky.  
 Mahone, William J.,  
     Petersburg, Va.  
 McCausland, John,  
     Point Pleasant, W. Va.  
 McChord, William C.,  
     Springfield, Ky.  
 McClintic, William H.,  
     Hot Springs, Va.  
 Miller, Henry T.,  
     Washington, Va.  
 Miller, John J.,  
     Washington, Va.  
 Montgomery, Brookings,  
     Grand Rapids, Mich.  
 Montgomery, James,  
     Fort Worth, Tex.  
 Nicholson, G. P.,  
     New Orleans, La.  
 Pace, S. A.,  
     Corsicana, Tex.  
 Penn, Edwin G.,  
     Martinsville, Va.

Perry, V. H.,  
     Sherman, Tex.  
 Randle, Cole T.,  
     Rockdale, Tex.  
 Randolph, Rob't. S.,  
     Chicago, Ill.  
 Rosenthal, Stanley,  
     Baltimore, Md.  
 Saxon, J. L.,  
     Augusta, Ga.  
 Schoefield, Louis,  
     New York, N. Y.  
 Shoeffel, James E.,  
     Danville, Va.  
 Shelton, Harper W.,  
     Richmond, Va.  
 Smith, Clarence C.,  
     Vicksburg, Miss.  
 Smith, E. Hugh,  
     Heathsville, Va.  
 Sturdivant, Henry P.,  
     Glendora, Miss.  
 Swetman, Ford H.,  
     Swetman, Va.  
 Swift, Richard E.,  
     Fredericksburg, Va.  
 Tanner, Leroy,  
     Vicksburg, Miss.  
 Titus, Isaac,  
     Williamsburg, O.  
 Turner, Lloyd A.,  
     Washington, D. C.  
 Urquhart, W. Hill, Jr.,  
     Richmond, Va.  
 Vaughn, Ritchie W.,  
     Ashland, Va.  
 Warner, Andrew P.,  
     Washington, D. C.  
 Whitaker, William H.,  
     Winston, N. C.  
 Wimberly, Leroy G.,  
     Tyler, Tex.

Wimbrough, John D.,  
     Accomac C. H., Va.

## History of 1903.



### BEING



informed in the parlance of John Henry that "its up to me" to write a class history, words fail me; for who can portray by words alone the many vicissitudes, joys, and sorrows of a cadet's life during his four years at the Institute. However, I shall make an humble attempt to relate them to the best of my poor ability.

The class of 1903 first made its debut in Institute society in September 1899, as a body of "Rats" cheeky in every sense of the word and needing, therefore, as the Third Class of that year thought, the most strenuous measures for its subjugation. Therefore, we were at once initiated into the mysteries of hazing with all its various forms, a few of which were: "The Broom," "Chu Chuing," followed of course, by the "Water Cure," and many others. We also became proficient in the arts of "Room-cleaning," and "Bed-making."

With these avocations combined with the equally pleasing, though not thought so, vocations of drilling and academic work, the year drew to a close, bringing with it the long looked for Finals. As "Exams" were soon over, the remainder of our time was wholly devoted to enjoyment, of which we had our fill.

When we returned the next fall we found ourselves full fledged "Third Classmen" with but one aim in life, namely, to impart to the "Rats" a knowledge of the "arts and sciences" so recently learned by us. Unfortunately, or was it fortunately, our fond hopes were not realized; for we had been here only a few months when resolutions were passed abolishing hazing in every form. Henceforward our time passed very quietly and finals came and went before we were aware of the fact. Our two months furlough seemed like a day.

The fall of 1901 found us again united, though much reduced in numbers, ready to take up the duties of Second Classmen.

It was at this time that the Class became divided into three parts, each part entering the respective fields of Electricity, Engineering and Chemistry. All passed with varying success through the many snares and pitfalls set for the unwary by "Col. Monk" and "Old Nick."



The much enjoyed Charleston Trip came as a pleasant break in the long monotony of this most trying year. Finals found us eagerly looking forward to the time when we could wear "Blues," the pre-eminent and distinguishing mark of the First Classman. After a pleasant vacation, we returned to our alma mater for the last time to bear the burdens and take advantage of the privileges of that distinguished personage, the First Classman.

With our new privileges came responsibilities. As "Officer of the Day," and "Officer of the Guard" we assist in carrying out the orders of the Institute authorities, and are thus relieved from the very distasteful guard duty, the "bug bear" and "thorn in the side" of all cadets.

In the section room, wonders are seen; all putting forth their best efforts to secure the coveted 8. 5. Some have overstepped the mark and have many "maxs" to their credit in the difficult and highly uninteresting subjects of Crystallography, Geology, and Mineralogy. Then, there are others who must be content with the more humble "Threes" which Col. T—takes pleasure in giving with a lavish hand.

The long course is now nearly run. Ere long those who for four long years have been bosom friends, yea even more---brothers are to pass out on the "Great Sea of Life," and probably see each other no more.

"As ships that pass in the night,  
And speak each other in passing;  
Only an impression made,  
Or a beloved likeness that can never fade,  
Is all that remains to recall to the mind,  
The life of the past that we leave behind."

Historian.



# Class of 1904.



Colors—Maroon and Old Gold.



LEWIS C. LEFTWICH, President.

SAMUEL K. FUNKHAUSER, Vice-President.

ELLIS C. CALDWELL, Historian.

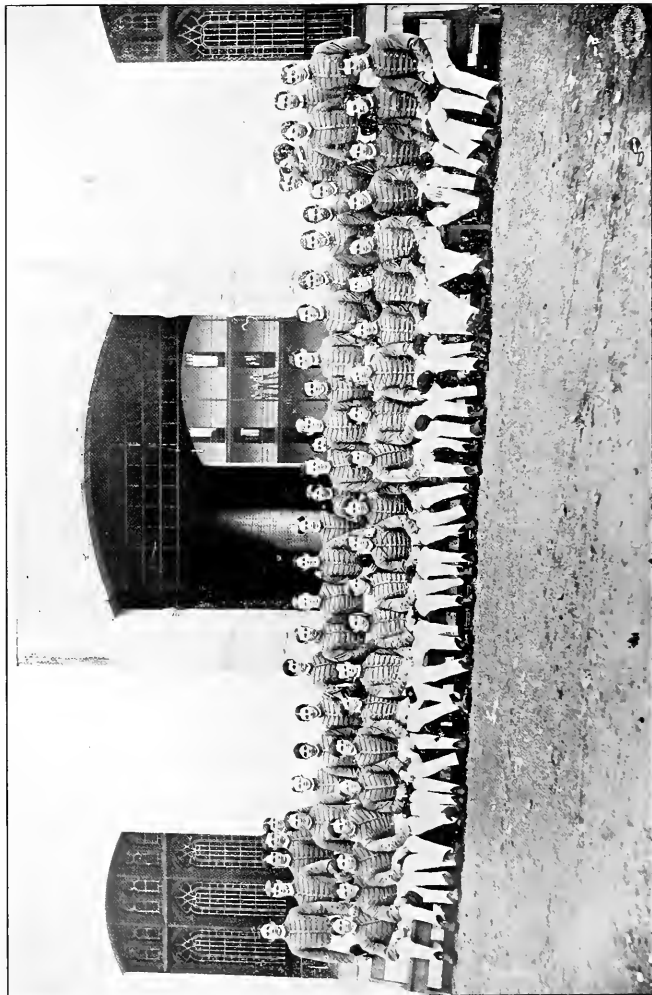
Allport, Robert B.,  
Richmond, Va.  
Biscoe, John E.,  
Washington, D. C.  
Borden, Paul L.,  
Goldsboro, N. C.  
Boyd, Richard E.,  
Richmond, Va.  
Calcutt, Harry C.,  
Dyersburg, Tenn.  
Caldwell, Ellis C.,  
Stop, Va.  
Camp, Paul R.,  
Franklin, Va.  
Clarke, Bailey T.,  
Owensboro, Ky.  
Conlyn T. Bryce,  
Baltimore, Md.  
Couper, William,  
Norfolk, Va.  
Crowdus, John W.,  
Dallas, Tex.  
Currier, William P.,  
Design, Va.  
Dawley, Claude S.,  
St. Louis, Mo.  
Doyle, E. Fitzgerald,  
Norfolk, Va.  
Easley, James S.,  
Houston, Va.

Fletcher, Oscar W.,  
Jenkins Bridge, Va.  
Funkhauser, Samuel K.,  
Harrisonburg, Va.  
Gordon, T. Croxton,  
Richmond, Va.  
Hancock, C. Nathan,  
West Appomattox, Va.  
Hardwicke, Clifford G.,  
Sherman, Tex.  
Harris, Nicholas C.,  
Bellevue, Va.  
Harris, Weaver,  
Nashville, Tenn.  
Headley, George W.,  
Lexington, Ky.  
Howard, Clyde S.,  
Pine, Va.  
Hundley, Waller M.,  
Farmville, Va.  
Johnson, E. Hammond,  
Norfolk, Va.  
Kennon, William G.,  
Subletts, Va.  
LaPrade, W. Waverley,  
Otterdale, Va.  
Lathrop, C. Barksdale,  
Richmond, Va.  
Leftwich, Lewis C.,  
Dallas, Tex.

Loughbridge, Sidney A.,  
Lexington, Va.  
Macfarlane, Graham,  
Clarksville, Tenn.  
Mahone, William,  
Petersburg, Va.  
Marshall, Gilbert,  
Bay St. Louis, Miss.  
McChord, William C.,  
Springfield, Ky.  
Mort, John E.,  
Bristol, Va.  
Newman, John W.,  
Maryville, Mo.  
Noland, C. Powell,  
Middleburg, Va.  
Orme, James B. L.,  
Washington, D. C.  
Owen, Charles H.,  
Denniston, Va.  
Pace, Steve A.,  
Corsicana, Tex.  
Page, Nat B.,  
Boyce, Va.  
Pearson, D. Cecil,  
Pearisburg, Va.  
Pennington, Cameron E.,  
Pennington Gap, Va.

Quigley, Thomas,  
Paducah, Ky.  
Ragland, Reuten,  
Petersburg, Va.  
Risser, R. Eugene,  
Calvert, Tex.  
Roby, Thomas W.,  
Portsmouth, Va.  
Smoot, Arthur H.,  
Richmond, Va.  
Thomas, Paine,  
Culpeper, Va.  
Thompson, Paul J.,  
Summit Point, W. Va.  
Upshur, Alfred P.,  
Richmond, Va.  
Weaver, Walter,  
Fort Monroe, Va.  
Whittle, Henry D.,  
Martinsville, Va.  
Wilbourn, Arthur E.,  
Lexington, Va.  
Williams, J. Stuart,  
Lexington, Va.  
Wood, F. Travers,  
Richmond, Va.  
Worden, Horace B.,  
Missoula, Mont.

Total 58.



CLASS OF 1904.

## History of 1904.



IN attempting to give a detailed history of the joys and sorrows and triumphs and disappointments of 1904, the writer finds himself perfectly at sea. If I possessed the inspiration of a Milton and the words of a Shakespeare, I might be able to give in suitable language a deserving record of our class during 1901-02. When I consider how well known '04 has become, and recognize that many of the occurrences this year will be transferred to posterity regardless of pen and ink, I do not deem it necessary to burden the columns of "The Bomb" with an exhaustive chronicle. Therefore I shall make a digression from the general run of histories and discuss only the two distinctive lines along which the class has made marked development.

Early in the fall, the athletic world was astonished by the sudden appearance at the Institute of two hardy, robust, well coached foot-ball teams, composed entirely of second classmen. Entering the arena too late to secure dates with Columbia and with the "Big Four," these two elevens were forced to satisfy themselves with fighting for the local championship. From obscurity the teams by two successive battles sprang into illustrious fame. The smoke and dust caused by the conflict enveloped barracks in black clouds resembling a volcanic eruption, requiring days to disappear.

The "Snow Bird" band was composed of the following men: Lathrop (Capt.), Gordon, Wood, Headley, Pearson, Ragland, Langhorne, Biscoe, Mahone, Boyd and Hancock. The strength of the "Dew Drops" was embodied in Loughridge (Capt.), Doyle, Quigley, Weaver, Worden, Williams, Macfarlane, Wilbourn, Mort, Thompson, and Owen. Coached by Crowdus and Funkhouser and led by their gallant Captain Lathrop, the Snow Birds went into each game in fine condition and hotly contested every inch of ground. The "Dew Drops," however, with Johnson, E. and Cooper as coaches and piloted by Captain Loughridge, ably assisted by the little freckle-faced quarter-back (Worden), from Montana, were irresistible and won both games. Their success was due, perhaps, in a very great measure to the excessive amount of hot air expelled by Captain Longhridge. A number of bald heads were noticed in the game; and the rattle of these during the line buckings could well be compared to the thumping of a broken down locomotive running over loose ties.

Among the most prominent of these battering rams were Headley, Doyle and Mort.

The latter, strange to say, was far from being asleep.

One of the many features of the two games was a spectacular dash made by Lathrop over the line in a vain effort to tackle a man who was twenty yards in rear of him. Doyle, of the Dew Drops, who had made such an enviable reputation on the "Sad Sea Waves," nobly sustained his fame on land.

On the injured list, we noticed:

Ragland, tongue severely hurt by getting the cleet of Williams's shoe in his mouth.

Quigley, front tooth knocked out (now on exhibition in the Second Class Museum).

Pearson, nose badly mashed, and greatly weakened by loss of blood.

Headley, sudden headache and cold feet. (Carried from the field in a comatose condition).

#### SCORE :

First Game	Dew Drops 11,	Snow Birds 0.
Second Game	Dew Drops 5	Snow Birds 0
Stars—Dew Drops	Gordon, Pearson, and Mahone.	
Stars—Snow Birds	Doyle, Quigley and Weaver.	

Our class has from the beginning given strong evidence of men of remarkable intellectual powers. This year has developed giants along this line; men who in the past gave but limited promise for the future have been "broadened out" to such an extent that now brilliant achievements are predicted for them.

Following the examples of preceding second classes, '04 on its return to Barracks in September was "disintegrated;" a part going to the engineering halls, a part to the electrical dens, and the remainder to the chemists' workshop.

In the matter of "broadening out," it is often a subject of comment that the engineers are especially "broad," and that they are very adept in the art of telling yarns. These amateur surveyors labor daily with unrestrained zeal. On the balmy spring afternoons, the whole country for miles around is dotted with gray shirted detachments with levels and transits, sighting at the sun, clouds and everything except the object of the detail. The sudden approach of a representative of the fair sex always causes a flutter of excitement, and instantly all instruments are brought to bear upon her station. Is it boasting to predict that this class will produce engineers of world-wide fame? Is it absurd to suppose that some of its members will succeed in constructing a bridge across the Gulf of Mexico?

Perhaps no one can outdo the Electricians in the performance of shocking "stunts." Headed by Capt. "Tolly," these aspirants for future greatness may be seen daily chasing currents over wires through windows and doors. Some of them have been so bold as to attempt to bridle the lightning and thus establish direct telegraphic communication with Mars. No doubt this feat will be perfected in the near future. In the business of putting up and preserving electrical currents, these men will surely be rewarded with barrels of money in time to come. So interested are they in their labors that they can never think of chanting any song except "Ohm, Sweet Ohm."

Last, but of no less importance, another curiosity of this wonderful class of '04 must be mentioned, namely, the meek and lowly followers of their renowned mediator, Doctor Pendleton, sometimes called the "Chemist's Friend." Amidst the fumes of burning sulphur,  $H_2S$ , and other delightful perfumes they have worked with unparalleled enthusiasm, unearthing many seemingly incredible things. By their untiring efforts the possibility of the decomposition of an old flannel shirt, which, after dissolution, filtration, distillation, and re-distillation, and being subjected to various other chemical processes not familiar to the uninitiated, yields a perfect solution of most delicious Tokay, has been put into effective practice. This exploit alone gives promise of future brilliant success.

In closing, we wish to call attention to some deep mysteries, the solution of which would overthrow a great many idle opinions formed upon imperfect evidence. The class as a whole will consider it a great favor on the part of anyone who will give detailed information as to why:

Dawley is so anxious to go to Roanoke.

Noland is so fond of red colors.

Pearson did not attend the hops for so long.

Pace played foot-ball so well in the Richmond College game.

Orme wants to go to Georgia.

La Prade talks so much in his sleep about Hollins.

Smoot wears such "dykes" to the Presbyterian Church.

Hancock is now a sergeant.

Leftwich likes daffodils.

The "rats" of "A" Company are so fondly attached to Funkhouser.

So many Second Classmen joined the Literary Society.

HISTORIAN.



# Class of 1905.



COLORS—OLD GOLD AND ROYAL PURPLE.

## OFFICERS.

C. H. Loop, Tenn., President.

H. T. Eglin, Virginia, Vice-President.

J. M. Marshall, Virginia, Historian.

## MEMBERS.

Allen A. Holmes,  
Summit Point, W. Va.

Best, William H.,  
Goldsboro, N. C.

Booker, Woodfin,  
Hampton, Va.

Bowles, H. Ward,  
Detroit, Mich.

Burruss, Eugene L.,  
Norfolk, Va.

Camp, John M.,  
Franklin, Va.

Carlton, Harry,  
Emporia, Va.

Conrad, Robert G.,  
Winchester, Va.

Craighill, M. Langhorne,  
Lynchburg, Va.

Davis, Cecil L.,  
Vicksburg, Miss.

Dennis, Nelson C.,  
New York, N. Y.

Eglin, Henry T.,  
Lewisville, Va.

Hagan, Carroll D.,  
Richmond, Va.

Herman, J. Allan,  
Danville, Va.

Herndon, John M.,  
Danville, Va.

Hewitt, John D.,  
Bramwell, W. Va.

Hobson, George R.,  
Ashland, Va.

Hudgins, Robert S.,  
Hampton, Va.

James, Russel,  
Danville, Va.

La Mont, Louis C.,  
Quanah, Tex.

Lee, E. Borden,  
Goldsboro, N. C.

Loop, Chester H.,  
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Marshall, Joseph M.,  
Norfolk, Va.

Martin, Rorer J.,  
Axton, Va.

Matthews, R. Leslie,  
Bowie, Tex.

Merritt, James A.,  
Baltimore, Md.

Morison, Rufus A.,  
Gate City, Va.

Owen, R. Alex.,  
Lynchburg, Va.

Page, Edwin R.,  
Ansted, W. Va.

Perkins, Kenneth S.,  
Norfolk, Va.



Perry, J. Newman,  
Washington, D. C.

Sparks, James D.,  
Fort Smith, Ark.

Steele, Frank B.,  
Keystone, W. Va.

Tabb, Paul,  
Hampton, Va.

Via, J. Thomas,  
Woolwine, Va.  
Warren, Littleton T.,  
Hot Springs, Va.  
Wharton, John,  
Dallas, Tex.  
Willis, W. Taylor,  
Gordonsville, Va.  
Young, Robert S.,  
Concord, N. C.

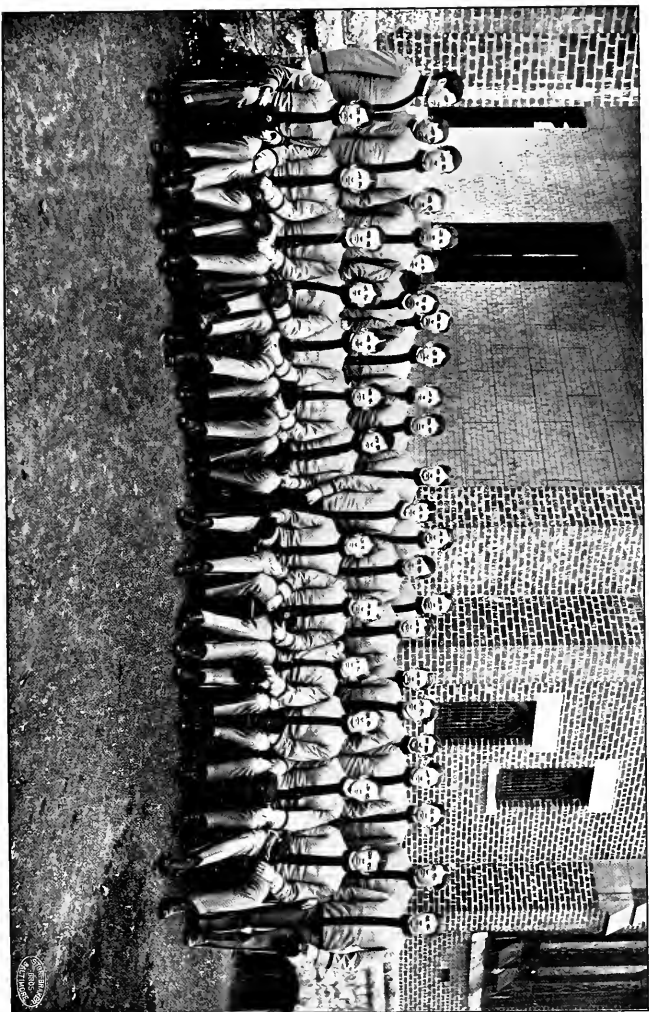
Total, 39.





Atwill, Charles B.,	Hoskins, Thomas D.,
Cauthorn, Ross A.,	Macfarlane, Edward,
Davant, Harry W.,	Parsons, Harry E.,
Davant, W. T.,	Ruckman, Francis,
DeVoe, Ralph G.,	Taliaferro, A. B.,
Dickie, Herbert G.,	Wilson, Fred. W.,
Gay, Joseph P.	





CLASS OF 1905.

## History of 1905.



T has fallen to my lot, kind readers, to have the misfortune to write the history of this noble class. As most of you know, our president and vice-president were dismissed for the second night's affair of the pyrotechnic display we engaged in on December 9. The historian was elected president; and that is the reason I am making literary pretensions.

At the beginning of this session, we found to our sorrow that a good many of our classmates did not return, among them being our class-president, J. B. Glenn, of North Carolina. R. G. DeVoe, of Washington State, became president, and A. B. Taliaferro, of Virginia, was elected vice-president. Everything ran smoothly along during the first two or three months except the usual third class disturbances, which are considered necessary to the tranquility and comfort of the corps. Everyone knew that there was a third class in the barracks by the numberless amusing incidents which are esteemed third class privileges.

Our class is known for courage and activity; so we decided to run these small affairs on a larger scale. We made up our minds and carried out in two days something which no preceding class has ever attempted, and we hope no succeeding class may ever attempt.

Somehow, I can hardly tell how, the Third Class awoke from its slumbers on the night of the ninth of December to find itself on the top of the Academic Building at 12.20 o'clock. Beside us were enormous piles of Roman-candles, sky-rockets and bombs, also the bugle and small drum. The sentinel and corporal were absent and it was whispered they were down in the gymnasium tied to a post. The celebration started with a selection entitled "Reveille" rendered by two of our class on the bugle and drum. Some of the corps, thinking it was reveille, rushed from their rooms only to be met by a fusillade of sky-rockets and bombs. After we had seen our fire-works go up in smoke, we came down, and were met by the "sub"-professors and officers of the first class on the top floor who placed us under arrest. The commandant saw each one of the miscreants before six A. M.; and we all expected to be shipped in three or four days.

The next night there were some disturbances which, we are very sorry to say, resulted in fourteen of our class being dismissed the following day. Among them were our class-president and vice-president. Those who were not dismissed, much enjoyed our Christmas day and the Saturdays for two months after the thirteenth of December by keeping company with our rooms.

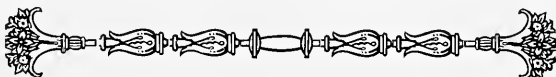
About the first of February, class elections were again held: C. H. Loop, of Tennessee, was elected president and W. T. Eglin, of Virginia, vice-president. They are both very modest and unassuming young men; so we have great hopes of a prosperous time under their reign.

In athletics our class has not taken a very active part, but is expected to show up better next year. This year DeVoe made the foot-ball team, while Burruss made the second team. Others tried and made a good showing. A few tried for the base-ball team.

Some people have the idea that it is necessary to have a dancing-master to learn to dance. Our third class dancing class, held weekly on Saturday nights, has brought forth many promising young candidates for honors at the Easter German and at Finals. We know their debut will cause a stir in "calics" hearts. There will be at Finals, as there were at Easter, a good number of the men of "05" holding their own with the men of the other classes.

Dear readers, my task is nearly over. I do hope you have followed this in patience. The spring drills are not yet over, but we are still alive and "right here with the goods." When "Auld Lang Syne" is played we have hopes of again wearing chevrons, and we hope to return to our work after a pleasant furlough spent in killing time and enjoying the long desired society of the gentler sex. Some perhaps in the mountains, some perhaps at the seashore; but wherever they are, you may rest assured they will stand up for V. M. I. and "05."

Historian.



# Class of 1906.



COLORS—SILVER, GRAY AND MAROON.

## OFFICERS.

Jones, M. T., Pennsylvania, President.

Cocke, W. R., Virginia, Vice-President.

Nichols, W. R., Virginia, Secretary.

Peyton, J. W., Virginia, Historian.

## MEMBERS.

Anderson, George R.,  
Ashland, Va.

Angle, James M.,  
Towanda, Pa.

Ayres, H. Fairfax,  
Fort Riley, Kan.

Barron, E. Murdock,  
Goldsboro, N. C.

Bell, Caleb B.,  
Shawboro, N. C.

Belt, Hallen,  
Dallas, Tex.

Blakely, Albert T.,  
Griffin, Ga.

Blanton, Frank S.,  
Farmville, Va.

Blow, George A.,  
Gloucester County, Va.

Bogart, Robert D.,  
Little Rock, Ark.

Brooke, Frank C.,  
Warrenton, Va.

Brown, Albert G.,  
Birney, Mont.

Buckner, S. Bolivar,  
Rio, Hart County, Ky.

Burroughs, R. Bernard,  
Portsmouth, Va.

Caffee, Mahlon W.,  
Carthage, Mo.

Campbell, Arthur G.,  
Lexington, Va.

Cannon, Masten L.,  
Concord, N. C.

Caypless, M. Earle,  
Denver, Col.

Chewing, A. Garland,  
Roanoke, Va.

Chilton, L. Brown,  
Marlin, Tex.

Clement, Joseph T.,  
Charleston, S. C.

Cocke, William R. C.,  
Bremo Bluff, Va.

Cox, Robert W.,  
Huntington, W. Va.

Dawley, Lester W.,  
Dallas, Tex.

Denman, James,  
Ellenville, N. Y.

Denman, Wilbur J.,  
Ellenville, N. Y.

Dewey, Ernest M.,  
Goldsboro, N. C.

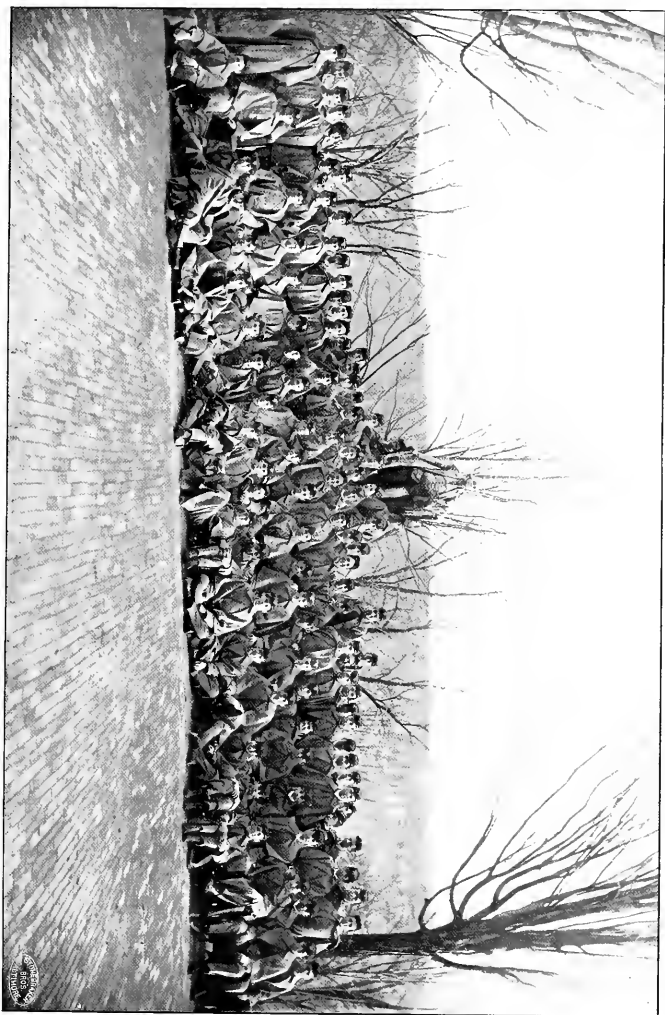
Dodson, R. Stearns,  
Norfolk, Va.

Doster, John,	Kahn, Lucian L.,
Topeka, Kan.	Cincinnati, Ohio.
Doyle, Walter H.,	Kimberly, Allen,
Norfolk, Va.	Fort Monroe, Va.
Dykeman, Conrad F.,	Lemann, Percy A.,
Brooklyn, N. Y.	New Orleans, La.
Eastland, O. Meade,	Leon, Waldo,
Meridian, Miss.	Key West, Fla.
Ellerson, W. Roy,	Lewis, J. D.,
Richmond, Va.	Malden, W. Va.
Ellett, Tazewell,	Link, Henry G.,
Richmond, Va.	Charlotte, N. C.
Fraser, W. Gerard,	Love, Frank G.,
San Antonio, Tex.	Pittsburg, Pa.
Fulton, George H.,	Love, John E. P.,
Nettle Ridge, Va.	Pittsburg, Pa.
Goodloe, Tavenor B.,	Lyerly, Ballard,
Big Stone Gap, Va.	Chattanooga, Tenn.
Gunnell, George F.,	Maiden, William A.,
Louisa, Ky.	Pittsburg, Pa.
Harrison, William A.,	Marks, Charles P.,
Knoxville, Tenn.	Birmingham, Ala.
Herrell, Robert, E. L.,	Marston, D. Warren,
Manassas, Va.	Tovona, Va.
Hess, Raymond V.,	Meyer, Charles W.,
Sioux City, Iowa.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Hill, Thomas L.,	Montgomery, William M.,
Kay County, Okla. Ter.	Frankfort, Ky.
Hostetler, Burdett L.,	Moss, H. Hugh,
Erie, Pa.	Lake Charles, La.
Hutchinson, D. Osborne,	Nichols, W. Robert,
Pittsburg, Pa.	Petersburg, Va.
Hyatt, C. Roscoe,	Noble, Edward M.,
Jonesville, Va.	Montgomery, Ala.
Jackson, Charles S.,	Nottingham, Lucius S.,
Parkersburg, W. Va.	Sea View, Va.
Jamison, Peyton T.,	Otey, Kirkwood,
Roanoke, Va.	Lynchburg, Va.
Johnson, S. Wiston,	Pace, Homer E.,
Corsicana, Tex.	Corsicana, Tex.
Jones, Marshall T.,	Parsons, Houston H.,
Everett, Pa.	Missoula, Mont.
Judd, M. Hubert,	Payne, Henry E.,
Dalton, Ga.	Charleston, W. Va.

Payne, James M., Charleston, W. Va.	Spragins, William E., Huntsville Ala.
Perkins, Edward C., Mexico City, Mex.	Sprague, Henry H., Scarsdale, N. Y.
Petty, Willey W., Point Pleasant, W. Va.	Squires, W. G. Fargo, New York, N. Y.
Peyton, James W., Charlottesville, Va.	Stafford, Fred D., Chattanooga, Tenn.
Phister, Laurance H., Maysville, Ky.	Sutherland, E. Ross, Marmora, Va.
Pickford, Percy W., Washington, D. C.	Taylor, John R., Owensboro, Ky.
Plant, Robert H., Malcon, Ga.	Thompson, William D., Owensboro, Ky.
Porter, Howard D., Staunton, Va.	Wall, Stanley, Buck Lodge, Md.
Rankin, Roger, Kansas City, Mo.	Welbourne, Henry B., Murray Hill, N. J.
Roelker, Edward P., Washington, D. C.	West, Barrington K., Lexington, Va.
Roelofs, Henry V. du H., Philadelphia, Pa.	Whiting, G. W. Carlyle, Marshall, Va.
Ruckman, Douglas J., Monongah, W. Va.	Whitney, G. Harold, Lexington, Va.
Saunders, Edmund A., Richmond, Va.	Winchester, Thomas H., Macon, Ga.
Shields, William R., Lexington, Va.	Wise, Byrd D., New York, N. Y.
Smoot, Charles C., Alexandria, Va.	Wolfson, William, Key West, Fla.
Snead, J. Cleland, Lynchburg, Va.	Yancey, William L., Woodville, Va.
Solomons, Henry C., Savannah, Ga.	
	Total 105.







CLASS OF 1906.

## History of 1906.



THIS is a history of "rats," I shall first endeavor to give my reader a clear definition of the word "rat." To a person who has ever been associated with the Virginia Military Institute, the term is a familiar one; but for one who is not familiar with barrack nicknames, rat should be defined. A rat is a slow, green, and, in short, a helpless biped; slow to learn, but quick to obey in the hands of an old cadet.

At first when he is drilling, the chevrons of the all-important "corp" inspire him with awe and respect; but after he discovers that a corp was also a rat only the year before, the rat loses some of this fear, and, finally, becomes more familiar. He is then called "cheeky;" but he is put through a mild reforming process and soon becomes tame again.

If the reader can possibly imagine that he sees one hundred and ten of these animals, he will have a mental picture of the class of 1906. Before coming here, we had often heard that Lexington was the "Sleepy Hollow" of Virginia, and while this term might be applied to the town itself, it can, in no way, be applied to the Virginia Military Institute.

All during the first week of September rats came on every train; and a greener crowd of boys one could not wish to see. With open mouth and blanched cheeks each rat was escorted to General Shipp to be enrolled as a cadet, and then introduced to barracks.

Here we found plenty to do; drilling, receiving visitors, and meeting each other were some of our occupations; and time did not hang heavy on our hands. The visitors, by the way, were old cadets, who were very kind (?) and thoughtful (?) and very much interested in our welfare (?).

Although I have endeavored to impress upon the reader the fact that a rat is green, I will mention one incident which will give him an idea of what greenness is.

We had been drilling all the morning; and at dinner we marched to the Mess Hall for the first time. We found drilling to be very good tonic for our appetites, and we at once went to work on "growley," etc. In about fifteen minutes a deep voice yelled out, "Prepare to rise." I wanted to ask an old cadet whether that was General Shipp or the Commandant, but as I thought that silence was the best policy, I held my tongue. I afterward learned that the great personage was only a cadet captain.

In a short time, however, we began to wake up, and as finals draw near, we—in our own estimation—are a very respectable looking crowd of rats.

That "The General" will never have cause to regret our presence at the Institute, is the earnest wish of

—Historian, "06."

## Recapitulation.



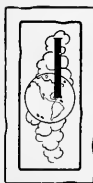
Virginia,	106.	Arkansas,	2.
Texas,	17.	Florida,	2.
West Virginia,	13.	Louisiana,	2.
North Carolina,	12.	Ohio,	2.
Kentucky,	12.	California,	1.
Pennsylvania,	9.	Colorado,	1.
New York,	8.	Illinois,	1.
District of Columbia,	7.	Iowa,	1.
Tennessee,	6.	Mexico,	1.
Georgia,	5.	Michigan,	1.
Mississippi,	4.	New York,	1.
Missouri,	4.	Okla. Territory,	1.
Montana,	4.	South Carolina,	1.
Alabama,	3.		
Kansas,	3.		
Maryland,	3.	Total,	233.





"STONEWALL" JACKSON.

## “Stonewall” Jackson.



N presenting to our readers the picture of General “Stonewall” Jackson the editors think it may not be inappropriate to give some items and anecdotes connected with his service at the V. M. I.; not touching upon his great military splendor which is known to all, but merely to pen the impressions of one who was a student under him.

Little is known of his earlier life. Some facts have descended to us, but we deem it best to begin with his life from the time he reported as a cadet at West Point.

In the summer of 1842 the cadetship at the United States Military Academy for the congressional district to which Jackson belonged became vacant, by the refusal of the appointee to accept.

It being suggested to Jackson that he apply for the position, he at once caught eagerly at the idea, and immediately began his efforts to obtain the appointment.

Letters were sent to the representative in Congress from his district, who readily promised to use his influence in Jackson's behalf. It being suggested to young Jackson that the session at West Point had already begun, and that it was always best to look after one's interests in person, he entirely concurred in this opinion and set off for Washington without delay. His efforts in Washington were successful, and he proceeded to West Point at once and matriculated in July, 1842.

The following description of him at that time is furnished me by General Dabney H. Maury, who was a cadet at West Point at that time.

“About July 10th, 1842, Birkett Fry, George Pickett, A. P. Hill and I were standing under the stoop of the old South Barracks at West Point, when the Cadet Sergeant in charge of the newly arrived cadets came by escorting an awkward-looking young fellow to the quarters assigned him. He was a sturdy fellow, clad in gray, woolen, homespun garments, wore a broad-brimmed wool hat, coarse heavy shoes, and had a pair of weather-stained saddle bags over his shoulder.

He tramped along by the sergeant's side with an air so determined that I said: “That fellow has come to stay.” Upon learning that the youth in question was Cadet Jackson, of Virginia, I felt drawn toward him, and sought him to endeavor to be kind and sociable, and to explain to him what my experience had taught me was to be expected and encountered. It was all thrown away. He looked at me with his inexpressive, leaden eyes; and I left him in doubt as to whether he suspected my motives or was simply a fool.”

Jackson graduated from the Military Academy July 1st, 1846, was appointed Brevet 2nd Lieutenant, 1st Artillery, and served with his command during the Mexican war. His conspicuous gallantry in Mexico had brought his name prominently before the country, and naturally excited the pride of all Virginians in the career of their courageous young fellow-citizen.

It is not surprising therefore, that when his name appeared before the Board of Visitors of the V. M. I., as one of the applicants for the chair of Natural and



Experimental Philosophy and Artillery, the Board should have unanimously elected him to the chair. Jackson was appointed Professor the 28th of March, 1851.

His figure was tall, gaunt, angular, and awkward. His feet and hands large. His walk singularly ungraceful. His manner of speech quick, in short sentences devoid of ornament, but to the point. His eyes were gray and ordinarily dull and lacking in expression; but when excited by drill, which seemed always to rouse him, especially when blank cartridges were fired, his form would appear to expand and to become more erect, his face would light up, his eyes flash, his grasp on the hilt of his saber became more firm, and at times in giving commands he would wave his sword over his head, as if, by the reports of the guns, he were transported to the exciting scenes of an actual battle-field.

His manner in the class-room was stiff and formal. He always assumed one position, sitting bolt upright, his back rarely touching the back of his chair, his feet close together, his book lying on the table, and always gazing straight to the front. This position I do not remember to have seen changed for a moment.

While what I have said of Jackson's stiffness and formality is true yet he was always courteous and at times even tender, nor do I remember to have heard him make a harsh speech to a pupil, though he was often sorely tried.

I remember to have seen a cadet, a mischievous fellow, but always a good student, (afterwards a gallant field officer in the Confederate service, and President of a railway,) stand before Major Jackson for fifteen minutes and slowly turn the cylinder of a small musical box, the spring of which had been broken, and which was concealed beneath the cape of his overcoat. The boy maintained his gravity perfectly, and it was amusing to see the Major's effort to detect whence came the sound. His head would turn from side to side, his chin elevated, assuming that listening attitude, so well known, but so hard to describe, continuing his questions all the while and never for a moment suspecting the true culprit.

That Jackson had a sense of humor and could sometimes say a biting word is shown by the following:

A young man, now a minister in the Episcopal Church, and an earnest and consistent man of God; but who at that time was——well, perhaps the opposite——possessed the rare accomplishment of imitating accurately the barking of a dog. One day in Jackson's class-room he was giving exhibitions of this talent to the amusement of the class and the annoyance of the Major. The latter listened for a time and being unable to detect the offender, suddenly stopped the recitation and quietly said: "There seems to be a puppy in the class-room." It is hardly necessary to add that the barking ceased.

Some of his peculiarities were marked; as will be shown, I think, by the following: The class being engaged on the subject of Electricity. The Major asked: "Mr.——, if you wished to send a telegraphic dispatch from this place to Staunton, how would you do so?" The scholar, a most excellent man, answered by telling all he knew of the generation of electricity, the process of establishing and cutting off the current, etc. The Major listened attentively to the end and then gravely replied: "No, Mr. . . . , you would not do that." "Well, Major," answered the

cadet, "I don't know what you would do then." The Major calmly and slowly said: "You would put up a telegraph line first, Mr.—."

Again, while upon the subject of measurement of time, oscillations of the pendulum, etc., he asked some question about the clock. The pupil told all he knew, and each answer was met by the stereotyped reply: "No, Mr.—, you wouldn't do that." The boy finally lost patience and said hotly: "You would measure it with a yardstick." To which came the original answer: "No, Mr.—, you would wind up the clock." Again, in questioning a pupil upon the working of the sextant and speaking, I think, upon measuring vertical angles, the answers were not of a character to suit exactly the Major's ideas. So, he replied, as usual: "No, Mr.—, you wouldn't do that." "Why, Major," answered the cadet, "the book states it exactly as I have given it." "Not exactly, Mr.—", said the Major, "you could take an angle by the method you have described, but you would be compelled to stand on your head to do it, and I cannot see, Mr.— why you should prefer to stand on your head."

If he once detected a pupil in what he supposed to be an attempt to trifle with him, he never forgot it. A cadet, since become a most useful man in science, having read the works of John Phoenix, and wishing to have some amusement at the expense of the Major, asked him upon entering the room: "Major, is Aries the hydraulic ram?" "Where did you get that idea, Mr.—?" said the Major. "From a book I have been reading recently," replied the cadet. "And what book is that, Mr.—?" asked the Major.

The pupil, fearing to incur the displeasure of the Major, hesitated to answer, and as he paused, a humorous classmate arose and said with great volubility: "Major, I remember the name of the work; it is a work of great learning and research; it is called *Phoenixiana*, by John Phoenix, alias Squibob, who says that Aries is the hydraulic ram; Taurus, the Irish Bull; and Gemini, the Siamese Twins." The Major laughed heartily and seemed to think it a good joke. But on the following day, when the pupil, above mentioned, asked a question in all seriousness; as to the reason why a blue spot on a red ground, when rapidly shaken seemed to vibrate, the Major replied: "All your imagination Mr.—, all your imagination." "But, Major," said the cadet, "it is a fact; I tried the experiment and know it to be true." "All imagination, Mr.—, all imagination." This terminated the discussion for the time. But the pupil, a good draughtsman, drew on a piece of drawing paper, a small red rat on a blue ground, and the following day carried it to the Major to prove the truth of his assertions. The Major would not deign to look at it, but keeping his eyes averted, said: "All imagination, Mr.—, all imagination." From that time on he would never answer a question propounded by the cadet mentioned, not even after he was an assistant professor and sought information for class purposes.

In expressing the opinion that Jackson was not a successful teacher, we do not conceive that we, in one iota, detract from Jackson's fame. The man was born for a higher, a nobler sphere than that supplied by the class-room, and I do not hesitate to say that his mind was in no way suited to the plodding task of the teacher.

"Nimium ne crede colori."



## Stonewall's Grave.



Where the light phantoms glide,  
In the dim evening tide,  
Sleeps the hero in peaceful rest;  
Tho' no grand tomb's o'er him,  
Yet Southrons deplore him,  
And he smiles from the Land of the Blest.

When the light dews awake,  
The sweet flowers, they shake  
Their, glistening tears on his grave;  
With melodies of praise,  
They are watching always,  
O'er the noblest and the best of the brave.

No battle's loud thunder  
Could call him from under  
His soft and warm blanket of green;  
For in heaven above,  
With his sweet simple love,  
He is leading life's armies unseen.

Rest, soldier, rest,  
On thy mother's warm breast;  
The Southland is weeping for thee.  
But 'twill not be for long—  
In the heavenly throng,  
Thou'lt be wakened by God's reveille.

H. G. Link, Jr., '06.



## Questions.



Oh! tell me, roses, tell me  
A secret if you please;  
Do you think your charms as sweet  
As those of my Louise?

And tell me, roses, tell me,  
Is your cup where honey drips  
As sweet and red and curving  
As my Louise's lips?

Yes, tell me, roses, tell me,  
Is your bloom where fragrance leaks  
As pink and sweet and charming  
As fair Louise's cheeks?

Oh! tell me, roses, tell me,  
Is the dew you highly prize  
As clean and bright and sparkling  
As my Louise's eyes?

Now, tell me, roses, tell me,  
Do you think her heart a rose,  
Which, when you wish to pluck it,  
On you its fragrance blows?

And tell me, roses, tell me,  
For time before me flees,  
Who is it owns the priceless heart  
Of dainty fair Louise?

H. G. Link, Jr., '06.

# The Eventful Life of a V. M. I. Graduate.



ONCE upon a timethere was a young man who was just graduated from the Virginia Military Institute, the West Point and Terror of the South. Clad in pads, a jersey, heavy shoes, and a thick mop of hair, he had more than once tempted the Demons of the Foot-ball Gridiron but, barring a few scratches, a fractured skull and two broken ribs, he had come out unscathed.

"Verily," he said to himself, "I must have been born for some great purpose—to do some great thing that will redound great honor to my Alma Mater, and incidentally to myself. I have a diploma, a knowledge of Foot-ball and Military tactics, a coatee, a red sash, a sword, a shako with a plume that would look well and appropriate on my hearse on my going out, a facile wit, a flattering tongue and unlimited cheek. My accomplishments are varied and great but to no avail in this country, where even the tigers are civilized. To go or not to go, that's not the question. The question is, to go, but where to go?—Let me see, said the blind man as he stepped on the tiger's paw. Gadzooks, I have it! I will go to the dark recesses of unexplored Africa, yea even to the heart of Bnemdangnani, which is such a dangerous country that 'tis death to pronounce its name. In its dark tarns and bayous alligators sing their entrancing drop-ping songs and by their tender melody allure travellers to their awaiting jaws: So beautiful is their melodious song that De Lackewitzky, the famous explorer, wrote the following verse about them:

"Ah-ha, ah-he,  
A melody  
Comes from afar,  
Comes from afar,  
It is the song  
So clear and strong,  
Of the alli—  
alli—allo—  
Of the alli—  
Alli-gato!"

Donning his paletots and cape and patent-leather shoes, he went, tho' the mud nearly swallowed him a thousand times and he had hundreds of narrow escapes from Pterodactyls and Hippopotami and Rhinoceroses. He finally got to the kingdom to pronounce whose name is death. Changing to his coatee, sash

and creases and throwing his everpresent cape around his shoulders, he went into a village and commanded the staring natives to carry him to their King. Their language, a mixture of German, French, Latin, Greek and Virginian, was easily understood by him, for had he not studied the same language under the name of Dutch at the V. M. I.?

The king was perplexed. "What shall we do with him," he asked plaintively, "he is too tough to be fricasseed, and you know we are tired of soup—Ah—we have it. We will put him in charge of our Rhinoceros Battery. Come forward, we would question you, O man, with pleasing aspect."

"Your Majesty, hearing of your wonderful country and of the wondrous beauty of its womankind, as well as your own marvellous wisdom and strength, I am come to ask for a position in your exalted army," replied the V. M. I. graduate, thanking Heaven and long practice for his knowledge of flattery.

The king was very much pleased at this, and said: "Yours must be a very well informed country. From what establishment did you get your uniform? Never has it been our pleasure to have seen such a marvellous fit."

"This was made by a master tailor, Adams by name. He has a justly famous Sartorial Palace at the Virginia Military Institute, of which I am a graduate."

"Your king—General Shipp is his name we believe—is certainly progressive and far reaching and all embracing in his advertising schemes. His methods are unique and oftentimes pleasing to the eye. A herd of white elephants was caught by his Advance Agent and upon the backs and sides of each was painted in red and yellow, 'Send your sons to the Great and Only V. M. I. Address all correspondence to Gen. Shipp, Lexington, Virginia, U. S. A.' Novel, was it not? We have often wished to send some of our sons there; but no census has been taken, so I do not know how many or what their names are. When I find out—do you think they will be well treated?"

"No," hastily answered our Hero, "they would be treated very brutally at V. M. I."

"How would they be brutally treated? I have brought them up so that a blow from a war-club wielded by the average man will not feaze them."

"Your majesty," and our Hero stepped closer and hissed the words in the King's ear, "they will be HAZED!"

"Hazed," muttered the King in a despairing voice, "Hazed," and he fainted at the mere thought.

Our hero went to look at his Rhinoceros battery.

There was a tangled mass of tropical foliage, that was changed from the monotonous and omnipresent green into iridescent, shadowy suggestions of colors by the farewell kiss of the setting sun; a faint melody came from all around, varied, classical, beautiful—it was the even-song of the alligators. The restless stirring in the bush indicating the presence of jungle-life and the drowsy silence emphasized the aforementioned slumber-song of the alligators. Twisting this way and that, his guide finally stopped and exclaimed,

"Das ist der Rhinoceros battery."

There was a dilapidated old brass cannon, a moth-eaten old Rhinoceros—and that was all.

"Fudge," said our Hero, and walked away.

The next day, His Majesty decided to show off his wonderful battery. After having excused the looks of things with the explanation that it had not been touched since his accession to the throne, eighteen years ago, he had the cannon hitched to the rhinoceros, for as he naively expressed it, "If the beast won't be hitched to the cannon, roll it up and hitch the cannon to the beast."

Then he ordered, "Forward!" But the beast did not move. Rage, tears, arrows, clubs, spears and prayerful entreaties availed not. Then said the King in regal rage,

"I will move him with a cannon-ball. Unlimber piece! Drag it back about fifteen yards. Now, sir, the piece is loaded, you fire." Our Hero took the lanyard and the King leant on the left wheel awaiting the annihilation of the mutinous Rhinoceros.

Bang! went the cannon—away went the King and his Artillery officer, higher, higher until they disappeared from the sight of the awestruck natives. The Rhinoceros stood still. When the smoke cleared away the Rhinoceros was left to the victorious possession of the field and he went to sleep.

The Alligators still twitter their delicious roundelays, but a silence of mourning overspreads the King-less kingdom of Bnemdang—nani.



## Taps.



Gently floating  
On night's calm air,  
The notes of bugle tell  
That day is done,  
With victory won,  
And echoes cry, "All's Well."

Lightly drifting  
O'er life's deep sea,  
With sweet and gentle voice;  
These notes implore,  
This—nothing more—  
To make a truthful choice.

Softly singing  
Their grand sweet hymn,  
They linger on the deep;  
They climb the deck  
Of each long wreck,  
And spread its sails of sleep.

Swiftly sailing  
With favoring winds,  
They mount each foaming crest;  
With them they bear  
The darkest care,  
And leave the world to rest.

H. J. Link, Jr., '06.





## The Subs.



There's a sub with a brindle bull-pup,  
All the girls eat both of them up.  
Tho' he's much larger than "Doc,"  
Yet he's called "Little Stock—"  
There, Stocky, we've boosted you up.

Our Buster's a sweet little boy,  
Whose heart is o'erflowing with joy;  
But Buster's so white,  
We think he's all right,  
Tho' the girls say he's a bit coy.

Sweet Johnnie is next on our list,  
A young fellow who's never been kissed;  
Tho' his dimples, we see,  
Fill the girls' hearts with glee,  
If we were the girls, we'd insist.

"Major" Carter, of New Mexico,  
Whose locks are the color of tow,  
Is a sweet little lad,  
Who is pensive and sad,  
Which takes with the calic, you know.

There was a young Sub from Pulltown,  
Who by dumb-bells had won much renown.  
Broad shoulders he had,—  
Not a sign of a pad;  
He very much loves a red gown.

## The Treacherous Swing.



A rustic swing,  
A maiden fair;  
In early spring,  
A picture rare,  
Modest cadet,  
Reclining near,

In whose eyes linger  
Hope and fear.  
The moments fly,  
As moments will,  
And in his mind  
He said, "I will."

So turning to  
His charmer near,  
He said: "I'll take  
Your picture, dear,  
If you will just  
Recline at ease  
In yonder swing,  
Beneath the trees."

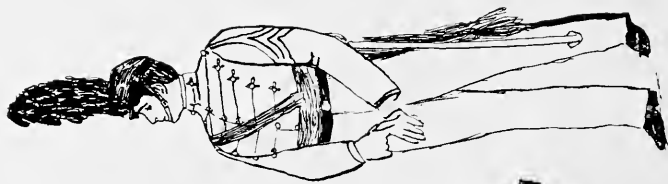
The maiden fair,  
So true and sweet,  
In the said swing  
Then took her seat;  
The modest youth,  
With kodak true,  
Then took his stand,  
To take the view.

The treach'rous swing—  
Sad to relate—  
Just as the youth,  
Exposed the plate,  
Went to the ground  
With dainty load;  
We'll let you guess  
What the picture showed.

A saddened youth,  
A waning day,  
A broken kodak  
Thrown away;  
A broken troth,  
Crestfallen girl,  
And such is life  
In this old world.

Leftwich, '04.





Cit.—“And he was a rat when I was First Captain.”

## The Baby Corps.



(Being some account of the little cadets of the Virginia Military Institute who stood the examination of war at New Market, Va., May 15th, 1864, in the front line of the Confederate forces, where more than three hundred answered to their names, and all were perfect).

We were only a lot of little boys—they called us a baby corps—  
At the Institute in Lexington in the winter of '64;  
And while the broad South was a ruin of war, no sign of peace in sight,  
We thought it would end in a battle or two if they 'd only let us fight.

We longed for the glory of going to war, and some by night ran away;  
And every cadet in the school agreed 'twas a greater disgrace to stay;  
And General Smith and the faculty had their peck of trouble filled  
Every time there was news of a battle lost or a Southern hero killed.

One night when the boys were all abed we heard the long roll beat,  
And quickly the walls of the building shook with the tread of hurrying feet;  
And when the battalion stood in line we heard the welcome warning:  
"Breckinridge needs the help o' the corps; be ready to march in the morning."

And many a boastful tale was told through the lingering hours of night,  
And the teller fenced with airy foes to show how heroes fight;  
We challenged Sleep at the gate o' the eye when he tried to cross our line,  
And drove him away with a volley of yells and laughed at his countersign.

Some sat in nature's uniform mending their suits of gray,  
And some stood squinting across their guns in a darkly suggestive way.  
The battalion was off on the Staunton pike as soon as the sun had risen,  
And we turned and cheered for the "V. M. I.," but yesterday a prison.

At Staunton the soldiers chaffed us, and the girls of the city schools  
Giggled and flirted around the corps till we felt like a lot of fools;  
They threw us kisses and tiny drums and a volley of baby rattles,  
Till we thought that the fire of ridicule was worse than the fire of battles.

We made our escape in the early dawn, and, camping the second night,  
Were well on our way to the seat of war, with Harrisonburg in sight;  
And the troopers who met us, riding fast from the thick of the army hives,  
Said, "Sigel has come with an awful force, and ye'll have to fight fer yer lives."

But we wanted to fight, and the peril of war never weakened our young desires,  
And the third day out we camped at dusk in sight of the picket fires;  
Our thoughts, wing-weary with homeward flight, went astray in the gloomy skies,  
And our hearts were beating a reveille whenever we closed our eyes.

Hark! what 's that? The sentry call? A galloping horseman comes.  
"Hey, boys! Get up! There 's something wrong! Don't ye hear 'em a-thumpin'  
the drums?"

Said the captain, who sat in the light of the fire tying his muddy shoes;  
"We must toe the line of the Yankees soon, an' we have n't much time to lose.

"Come up here, boys," the captain said, as he waved his only arm;  
"A moment of counsel before we start won't do us a bit o' harm.  
Why, Jim, you 're standing there asleep! Who 's that you 're whisperin' for?  
Yer father! Wake up! You ain't to home; you're on yer way to the war.

"Hats off!" And we all stood silent while the captain raised his hand  
And prayed, imploring the God of war to favor our little band.  
His voice went out in a whisper at last, and then, without further remark,  
He bade the battalion form in fours, and led us away in the dark.

"I 'm tired o' marching night an' day on a road that 's heavy an' wet;  
It 's six hours now since daylight came, and we havn 't got there yet.  
Skirmishers coming? The Yanks are nigh!" "Swing out at the top o' the hill."  
"There 's New Market! Look at the soldiers there—all o' them standing still."

The league-long hills are striped with blue, the valley is lined with gray,  
And between the armies of North and South are blossoming fields of May;  
There's a mighty cheer in the Southern host as, led by the fife and drum,  
To the front of the lines with a fearless tread our baby cadets have come.

"Forward!" The air is quaking now; a shrill-voiced, angry yell  
Answers the roar of the musketry and the scream of the rifled shell.  
The gray ranks rushing, horse and foot, at the flaming wall of blue  
Break a hole in its center, and some one shouts, "See the little cadets go through!"

A shell shoots out of its hood of smoke, and slows mid-air and leaps  
At our corps that is crossing a field of wheat, and we stagger and fall in heaps;  
We close the ranks, and they break again when a dozen more fall dying;  
And some, too hurt to use their guns, stand up with the others trying.

"Lie down an' give 'em a volley, boys—quick there, every one!  
"Lie down, you little devils! Quick! It 's better to die than run."  
And, huddling under the tender wheat, the living lay down with the dead,  
And you could n't have lifted your finger then without touching a piece of lead.

"Look up in the sky and see the shells go over, a-whiskin' their tails;  
Better not lift yer hand too high or the bullets 'll trim yer nails."  
Said the captain, "Forward, you who can!" In a jiffy we 're all on our feet  
An' up to their muzzles a-clubbin' our guns, an' the Yanks have begun a retreat.

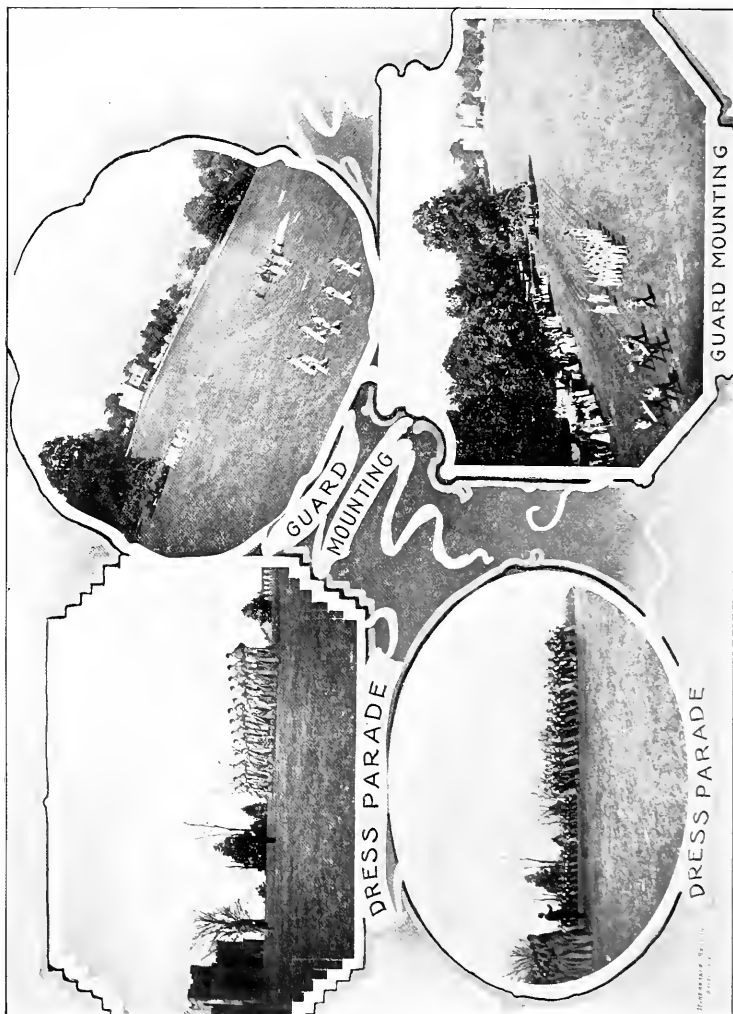
Said a wounded boy, peering over the grain, "Hurrah! see our banner a-flyin'!  
Wish I was there, but I can't get up—I wonder if I 'm a-dyin'?"  
Oh, Jim, did you ever hear of a man that lived—that was hit in the head?  
Say, Jim, did you ever hear of a man that lived—My God! Jim 's dead!"

A mist, like a web that is heavy with prey, is caught in the green o' the fields;  
It breaks and is parted as if a soul were struggling where it yields;  
The twilight deepens and hushes all save the beating of distant drums,  
And over the shuddering deep o' the air a wave of silence comes.

By lantern light we found the boys where, under the wheat, they lay  
As if sleep—soft-fingered, compelling sleep—had come in the midst of play.  
The captain said of the bloody charge and the soldiers who fought so well,  
"I believe that the army 'd have followed the boys if they 'd entered the flames o'  
hell."

IRVING BACHELLOR.







## A Discovery.



HERE once appeared in a certain small town a wandering scientist named Tucker. His stay was short according to the account of Mr. Weary Tate, but long enough to impress its details vividly upon the memory of this repository of local history. Reference being made to electricity, Mr. McAdow spun off the following:

Bet you a pair o' new boots that if Old Colonel Tucker was here he could tell you all about it. Told me himself that he'd handled electricity so much that he could take hold of a live wire sizzling with ten thousand volts of the stuff and never feel it. Explained it by saying that it was just like a man used to keeping bees, not being afraid of their stings!!! Though electricity wasn't the Colonel's stronghold, either, the same being rocks and these here leather-covered pre-historic animals which used to stand around this country, solemn, wearing other critters' tails and misfit trunks, and always took themselves apart 'fore they went to bed at night and gener'ly got themselves put together wrong the next morning.

I shan't never forget the day that Colonel Tucker arrove. He comes into Wilhelms' and says he: "Sir, may I ask if fozzles abound in this neighborhood?" "We ain't been troubled with 'em much this season," says Wilhelm. The man looks at Wilhelm with his round eyes, and removes and replaces his black-rimmed eye-glasses, and says he, after a minute, "Ah yes;" then he turns to the rest of us around the stove and goes on:

"Gentlemen, my name is Tucker. I am sent out by the Virginia Military Institution of Lexington, Va., to examine the geological formation in this region, and make a collection of the fozzle remains of prehistoric animals."

"Stranger," says Oom Paul, "Tollie Milton's your man. He's got more'n five hundred dorgs and a tame coon."

"The dorg is not a prehistoric animal," says the man, "though he is represented in the past ages, like the hoss. Did you ever stop to think, gentlemen, that the hoss formerly had five toes, though he now has but one?"

"When I was down at the country fair last fall," says Rip Lee, "I bet some good money on a hoss that didn't have no toes at all, jedging from the place he occupied at the end of the race. Would you like that there hoss for your collection, stranger?"

"Oh, no," says the Colonel. "Wot I propose doing is going up here in the gulch and examining your rocks, and if I can find any fozzles, shipping the same to the mooseum of the Institootion which I represent. Wot I specially would like to secure is remains of the great Winklesaurus, of which you will find a pic-

ture in this book. See page 147," and he pulls out a book and passes it around for us to see.

Well, as I said there was the most cur'ous animals in that book. Says Oom Paul: "Wot might this critter be that's settin' down and sticking his nose up in the air like a 'Piscopal Church Steeple?"

"Ah, yes," says the Colonel; "the Dinklestrobashus, percusser of the modern cow. It was much larger than the present cow, however, as the prehistoric hoss was smaller than the present hoss. Multichudinous are the changes worked by the slow processes of time, gentlemen. A vast many of these beasts have become extinct entirely, and the same changes are still going on. Evolution is capable of all things. Forty million years ago, the whale, leviathank of the juberous deep, was a small animal about the size of the weasel, and run about these parts on four legs and had a hole in the ground.

"I'd never a-thought it," says Oom. "It is science which reveals to us the wonders of the yearth," says the Colonel. "See page 236." And we looked and found a critter built like a hot-water bag and with an extensive snout. "That animal," goes on the Colonel, "is the original of the present swine. He was over two hundred feet long, exclusive of his probascus, with which he used to pluck fruit from the highest trees. See what the noble critter has become—small, and squealing, and rooting in the yearth, and breaking out of his pen and not being able to find the hole to get back in even with help."

We looked at the pictures some more, and then says the Colonel:

"As I told you, I have come out here in the interest of science. I have took a cabin up here in the gulch so as to be near my work. My funds," goes on he, turning to Wilhelm, "is ample, supplied by the Institute, but not at the moment available, the Institute sending out its drafts quarterly—If I could get you to advance me a little pork and such food stuffs I should take it very kindly and you could feel that you were helping on'ard the great cause of scientific research. I do not require much. A ham, a peck of beans, and a few such things."

Wilhelm said it was all right, him bein' always ready to h'iss along science, and the Colonel took what he could carry and went up the gulch. After which we seen very little of him except when he came in for supplies, which was frequent.

It ran along most of the summer and every time we seen the Colonel we asked him if he was having any luck. "Very little," he always said. "Fozzles are skeerce, but I do not despair of yet making a valuable discovery. I have found a foot-print of the mighty Digitalis, porkotype of our present bull-frog, which had wings and a long bill, and flew over the primeval landscape uttering squawks which shook the coal trees of the period and caused the perhistoric mother to clasp her epizootic infant to her buzzum."

We sot silent for some moments. It was Wilhelm's voice which broke the stillness. "This here flying bull-frog had a long bill, you say, do you, Colonel?" says he.

"Outrageous long," answers the Colonel.

"Which I am some like him," says Wilhelm, cold and icy. "Agin you, Colonel; mostly for hams."

"Mr. Wilhelm," says the Colonel, "on the eve of a great scientific discovery is it a fit time to lug in a mercenary ham bill?"

"You drew it too stron' on them flying bullfrogs," says Wilhelm. "I don't believe no such varmints ever lived."

"Sir!" says the Colonel in a voice of thunder, rising up and throwing back his shoulders. "You audacious tradesman! You groveling shop-keeper! See page 314!" which we done, and sure enough there was the flying bull-frogs.

The next morning he was back, all excited. "Gentlemen," says he, "I have found it. Some bones of the Digitalis, the first ever discovered, the mighty-winged bullfrog which sailed through the hazy vault of the carboniferous sky uttering anon his sweet song or his harsh snort which caused the caveman to shudder in his cavern. I cannot wait for my draft now—I must on to Lexington.

He had a box under his arm and we asked him if we might see the fizzle bones. He took off the cover and we looked at 'em, pretty clayey and sandy.

"All peterfied by time, of course," says he. "They are small, being only the claw-bones at the end of the wings, but from them the experts can restore the whole animal. I go, but I will return. Adoo!"

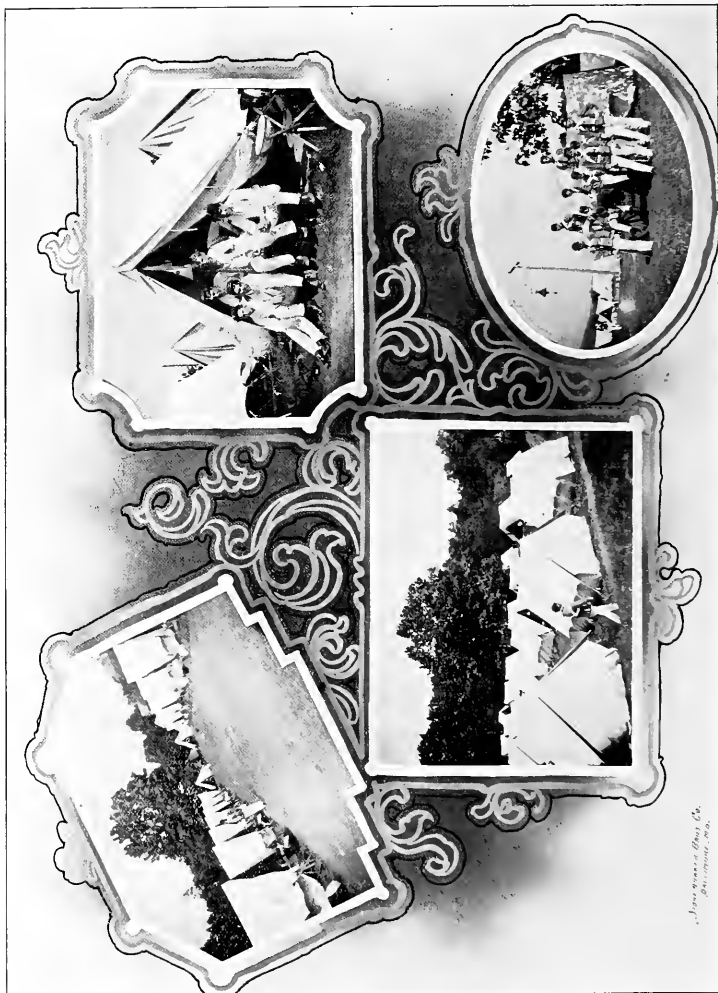
That afternoon a boy come in with the Colonel's box, which he had found just below town, aside the railroad track.

Wilhelm pulls off the cover and empties out the fozzles. Then he looks at 'em close and straightens up and says:

"That there wonderful Digitalis bullfrog was not so good a flyer as the Colonel. Them are the bones from my hams. See page 40 of my account book—\$37.50 owing for them hams and ecksetery."

With Apologies, P. L. M.





IN CAMP.

*James W. & Sons Co.  
New York, N.Y.*

# The Fight of Young Elec.



Old Monk assumed an actinic ray,  
And a simple harmonic grin had he,  
As he watched his son, Elec., go forth to slay,  
The lad that had hit little Freddie.

This mighty lad, who had fought two years,  
Who had stemmed the flood of the dark heat wave,  
Now bade farewell to his friend so dear,  
And sallied forth a max to save.

At length the magnetic moment had come;  
At a single blast from the trailing horn,  
And a series of rolls on the wire-wound drum,  
The coercive forces began to form.

They met in a dense magnetic field,  
The lad and young Elec. stood forth to fight,  
And each vowed as the line of force he heeled,  
The death of the other to expedite.

The lad showed little reluctance at first,  
For separately excited was he,  
And he bravely tried, whenever he durst,  
To find Elec's permeability.

But the poor boy's capacity suddenly failed,  
And further resistance futile seemed;  
Then Elec. with greater potential assailed,  
And over his head his weapon gleamed.

The lad in a magnetic whirl went down,  
And we marvel not now that he died,  
From the double effect of a compound wound,  
And an air gap in his side.

In a collecting ring they gathered the wreck,  
In a Leyden jar his dead turns they encased,  
And over his bier, as a sign of respect,  
A drooping characteristic placed.

As young Elec. now leans over the commutator bar  
He feels touched to his laminated core,  
And he drinks to him whom max was par,  
To him whose induction troubles are o'er.

## The Aftermath.



That big box was a great success  
Till morning came, with it distress;  
While in my "downy" bed,  
The covers drawn up over my head,  
Full satisfaction in soul and mind,  
Suddenly up from behind  
A grotesque shape climed up to rest  
His horrid form upon my breast;  
And thus he talked to me the while  
He tore my flesh up with a file.  
"My name, poor fool, is Waldemar.  
I visit friends both near and far.  
And so, my friend, I come to you.  
This thrust is from that oyster stew—  
And this is from that turkey "grand"—  
(Still sticking me to beat the band.)  
The champagne wafers send you this,  
The cakes send love and wish you bliss."  
Taking a sledge hammer, he said,  
"And now before I kill you dead,  
The beaten biscuit wish you to feel,  
Their preparation for a meal."  
With that he showered blows galore,  
Upon my body, bruised and sore.  
When I awoke the next morning—  
With bated breath and much trembling,  
I swore an oath (in self-defense)  
Binding and awfully intense,  
That if all Thanksgiving boxes are  
Causes of visits from Waldemar,  
I would never eat one again.  
Then after exerting my brain,  
Came this answer to the question,  
"Waldemar" is indigestion.

W. T. D.

## A Dream.



Taps had sounded and all was still,  
The sentinel slowly walked his beat,  
The murmur of voices had died away,  
No longer I heard the tramp of feet.

I was dead, I thought, and gone to Hell,  
In torment I must long remain;  
And many a penance I must do  
Before Heaven's joy I could attain.

I strolled the infernal regions through,  
And came at last upon a sign  
Which read, in letters large and fierce,  
"Who enters here leaves hope behind."

I entered, and was filled with dread,  
And what I saw to you I'll tell:  
Those who had punished us on earth  
Were getting their deserts in Hell.

"Old Nick" was working at a board  
With coals of fire at a high degree;  
And had to stay there, I was told,  
Until he'd found "infinity."

A little further then I saw  
"Old Billy" with a gun raised high  
Walking tours by the score,  
As I used to do in days gone by.

I saw a sight that made me laugh  
Until I thought my sides would crack:  
An electric wire held "Old Monk,"  
And made him jump like a jumping jack.

"Old Tommy" stood upon a stool  
And had to tell to all the folk,  
Nine hundred thousand times a day,  
That same old stale and worn-out joke.

Above a brimstone spring there stood  
"Old Rat," as though in days of yore:  
He had to make and then inhale,  
Volumes of  $H_2SO_4$ .

"Old Bobby" was the next I saw:  
With chain and transit 'twas plain to tell  
He had to stay in torment, too,  
Till he'd made a survey of all Hell.

"Old Bev" came next, before a pile  
Of bones and fossils large and small:  
His term was long drawn out, I knew,  
Till from those bones he'd set up all.

And next I saw a mournful sight,  
With horror now my soul it fills:  
There stood the "Gim," who had to take  
All of his "Phys," and horrid pills.

And now proud "Freddie" there I saw:  
With pen and fire he must write,  
The orders of His Majesty  
To punish souls for doing right.

I saw old "Mac" was punished well  
For what he'd done while here he roamed:  
The mess hall grub he had to eat  
And gnaw up every single bone.

I passed through many scenes like these  
And wondered what my fate would be:  
A bugle note rang loud and clear.  
I woke, to find 'twas "Reveille."

A Rat.





## Some Things We're Sure Of.



Rain on Saturday.  
Sunday clear.  
Growley three times a day.  
Soup after the Mess-Hall floor is washed.  
The sight of "Sunbeam's" wig.  
A lecture from "Old Bobby."  
A new order.  
That Dutch is a winner.



## The Latest Publications.

The Art of Seeing Everything before Others.—WADDILL.  
A Short Treatise on the Bath.—MINOR.  
A hard book on Spelling.—LEE.  
How to Bluff Colonel T——.—LYNCH.  
The Way to make a Max.—SNATCH.  
Easy Rules to Enable One to Speak Distinctly.—SINCLAIR.  
Strutting as a Profession.—ELLERSON.  
How to Grow Fat.—SHIELDS.  
Don't Be Sleepy.—FRENCH.  
A Way to do Everything.—BROWN.  
Over Excitement a Bad Habit.—CARNEAL.  
Blushing and its Peculiarities.—MULLEN.





BUTTS'S MANUAL.

## To Old Nick.



Given:     A service two hours long,  
              And sixty "keydets" in the pews—  
How many in that little throng  
              Beneath the preacher's words enthuse?

To Find:   How many could the text repeat?  
              How many minds are elsewhere turning?  
How many wriggle in their seat  
              And hope they smell the mess hall burning?

J. A. M., '05.

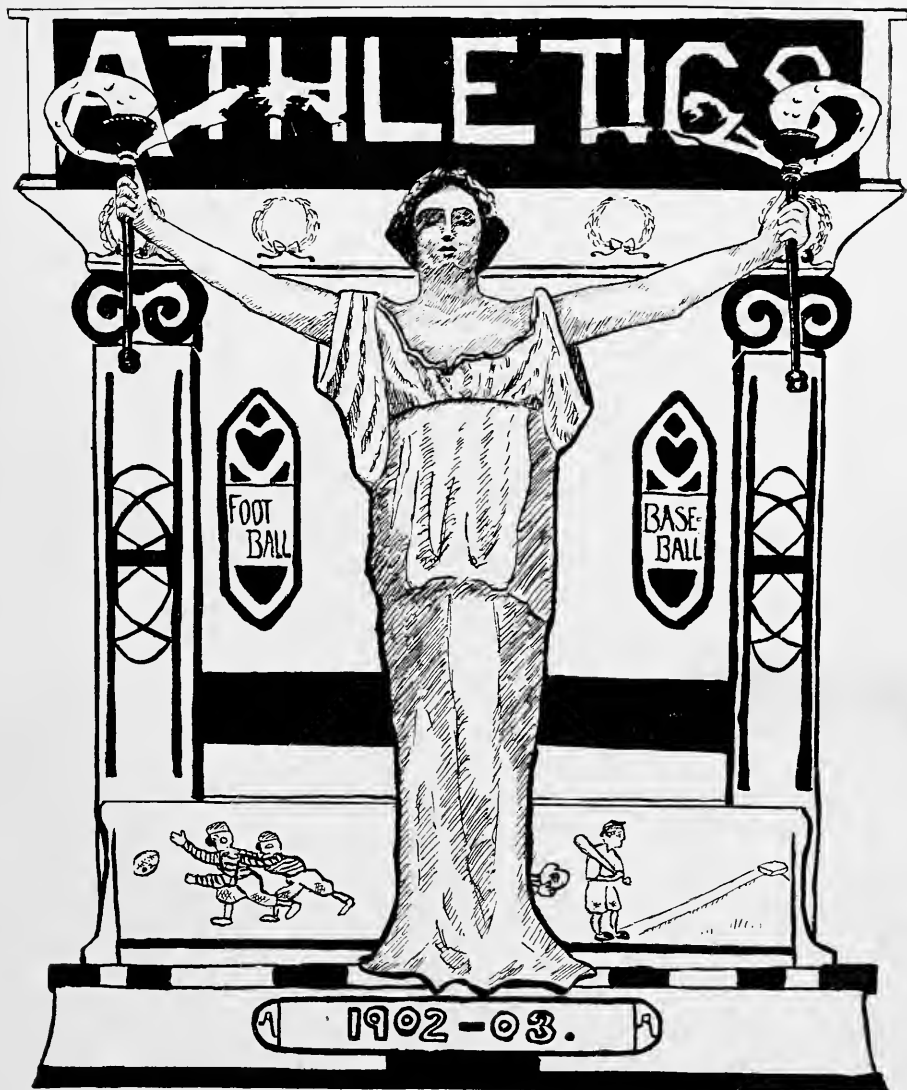


## Things We Are Anxious To Know.



If "Sunbeam" wears a wig?  
If Johnny Cabell is still fighting fireworks?  
Why Terry doesn't read any more orders?  
Who found Snatch's dip?  
Who stole the pig?  
If Tommy was a play-mate of Heine?  
Why so many in the First Class are taking electricity?  
What growley really is?  
Why Rip uses petroleum, also why he has rubber jaws?  
If Graham has any more dress suit cases for Tolly?  
If Rooster has another collar?  
What Snatch saw from the roof?  
Why Bull is so musical?  
If white won't buy another voice, or have his old one mended?  
Why Freddie is so coy?





# Athletic Officers.



## ATHLETIC EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

### FROM FACULTY.

COLONEL N. B. TUCKER,	-	-	-	-	-	President.
COLONEL H. C. FORD,	-	-	-	-		Vice-President.
COLONEL E. W. NICHOLS,	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary.
CAPTAIN M. B. CORSE,	-	-	-	-	-	Treasurer.
MAJOR H. P. HOWARD, M. D.,		-	-	-		Medical Adviser.

### FROM CADETS.

S. S. LEE, '03,		L. C. LEFTWITCH, '04,
C. H. LOOP, '05,		M. T. JONES, '06.

### FOOTBALL.

G. S. DEWEY, '03,	-	-	-	-	-	Captain.
J. D. OWEN, '03,						Managers.
H. L. FLOWEREE, '03,						
SAMUEL WALKER, (Penn., '99)	-	-	-	-	-	Coach.

### BASEBALL.

W. L. CARNEAL, '03,	-	-	-	-	-	Captain.
W. B. ANDERSON, '03,						Managers.
H. P. RANKIN, '03,						
A. DEVLIN, (Newark)	-	-	-	-	-	Coach.



## Athletics.



HERE is a marked increase in the amount of interest taken in Athletics this year in barracks. This is probably due to the fact that the members of the General Athletic Association and the captains and managers of the respective teams have themselves devoted much time and labor to the advancement of V. M. I. in every form of athletic sport. Hence we say that great credit is due these men for their untiring efforts to put athletics on a sound foundation at the Institute. That they have succeeded in their aim is a self-evident fact.

The gymnasium has been refitted with new apparatus throughout, and under the very efficient instruction of Capt. D. M. Bernard, the corps as a whole has improved wonderfully this year in general set-up and physical condition. During the winter months Capt. Bernard drilled the corps almost daily in Butts's Manual of rifle exercises now used in the Regular Army and as a result of his patience and boundless energy the corps has reached a point not far from perfection in this drill. An athlete himself, Capt. Bernard has no sympathy for the lazy man; and the result is that we can safely say that the corps is in better condition physically this spring than ever before.

In foot-ball V. M. I. has always been handicapped by the short time allowed for practice; and this may account to some extent for the indifferent showing made in the faster games. In the games with the smaller colleges V. M. I. stood undefeated for the season. Washington and Lee University went down before the Cadets to the tune of 11 to 0; and the score and winner of the game between the second teams were the same. St. Albans was worked to death to keep V. M. I. from scoring, the score being 0 to 0, when time was called. It is probably sufficient to say that this was the only game of the season in which V. M. I. failed to score. At the beginning of the season about forty men applied, and out of this number two strong teams were selected. The average time given for practice during the season was not much over thirty minutes a day, and of course in the fast games of two thirty or thirty-five minute halves the lack of training in endurance told against the cadets. Hereafter the team will be allowed more time for practice; and under the direction of a new coach and an enthusiastic captain, it is expected that next year's team will finish where they should—at the top.



At last V. M. I. has a baseball team worthy of the name. Everyone in barracks knew what "Billy" Carneal could do in the pitching line; but when, with a whirlwind rush and a large expenditure of energy, of brain and will power he led V. M. I. out of the wilderness and showed her the light in baseball, he fairly made the corps catch its breath; and before the cadets were aware of it they were once more the happy possessors of a winning team. Eastern College and Fishburne both fell victims to begin the season, and then, after losing a hard fought game with Penn., the Cadets took the first of the series with their old time rivals, Washington and Lee. The result of this game has inspired the corps with the greatest confidence in the team of '03; and if they do not land first in the race for the State championship, there will be a greatly disappointed set of men at V. M. I. To Capt. Carneal the whole corps owes a dept of gratitude for the manner in which he has conducted the team, and for his efforts in every direction to give V. M. I. a name in college baseball

On the whole athletics has become of more interest to cadets this year than for several years past, and it is with expectations of great things in the years to come that we now bring this sketch to a close.

C. H. L.





## Football Team, 1902-'03.



G. S. DEWEY, '03,	-	-	-	-	Captain.
H. L. FLOWEREE, '03,	{	-	-		Managers.
J. D. OWEN, '03,	}				
SAMUEL WALKER, (Pennsylvania, '99,)				-	Coach.

### LINE - UP.

W. Couper, '04,	-	-	-	-	Left End.
R. G. DeVoe, '05,	-	-	-		Left Tackle.
S. A. Pace, '04,	-	-	-	-	Left Guard.
S. S. Lee, '03,	-	-	-	-	Centre.
L. C. Leftwich, '04,	-	-	-	-	Right Guard.
J. B. Sinclair, '03,	-	-	-	-	Right Tackle.
M. M. Milton, '03,	-	-	-	-	Right End.
G. S. Dewey, '03,	-	-	-	-	Quarter Back.
R. B. Claggett, '04,	-	-	-	-	Right Half-Back.
J. Paul, '03	-	-	-	-	Left Half-Back.
E. H. Johnson, '04,	-	-	-	-	Full Back.

### SUBSTITUTES.

H. P. Rankin, '03,	-	-	J. W. Crowdus, '04,
S. K. Funkhouser, '04,	-	-	E. L. Burress, '05,
M. T. Jones, '06,	-	-	W. C. McChord, '04.



FOOTBALL TEAM 1902-03.



## Baseball Team, 1900.



W. S. CARNEAL, Jr., '03,	-	-	-	Captain.
W. B. ANDERSON, '03,	{	-	-	Managers.
H. P. RANKIN, '03,				
ARTHUR DEVLIN, (Newark),	-	-		Coach.
T. B. Goodloe, '06,	-	-	-	Catcher.
W. L. Carneal, '03,	{	-	-	Pitchers.
P. W. Pickford, '06,				
J. W. Crowdus, '04,	-	-	-	Short Stop.
W. Couper, '04,	-	-	-	First Base.
E. H. Johnson, '04,	-	-	-	Second Base.
T. L. Hill, '06,	-	-	-	Third Base.
R. B. Allport, '04,	-	-	-	Left Field.
J. E. R. Love, '06,	-	-	-	Centre Field.
H. D. Porter, '06,	-	-	-	Right Field.

### SUBSTITUTES.

R. H. Plant, '06.	-	-	-	K. Otey, '06.
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BASEBALL TEAM 1903.

# Mandolin and Guitar Club.



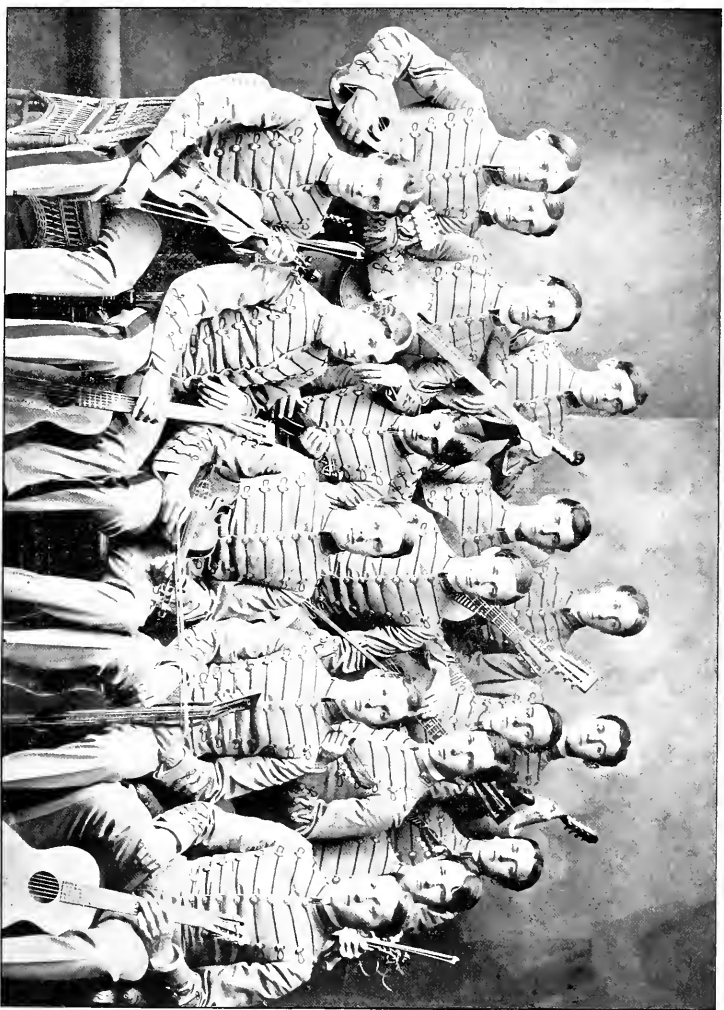
C. S. DAWLEY,       -       -       -       -       Leader.

## MEMBERS.

F. T. Wood,  
R. B. Claggett,  
W. Weaver,  
R. S. Dodson,  
T. B. Conlyn,  
E. M. Noble,  
M. W. Caffee,  
P. J. Thomson,

W. Couper,  
C. B. Lathrop,  
T. C. Gordon,  
K. Otey,  
W. P. C. Cocke,  
L. T. Warren,  
G. H. Whitney,  
L. C. Leftwich.





MANDOLIN AND GUITAR CLUB.



E. S. Shields, President.

W. W. La Prade, Vice-President.

E. C. Caldwell, Treasurer.

R. J. Martin, Secretary.



**T**HE educated man must not only have his mental and physical powers trained, but also his moral nature in like degree. The Young Men's Christian Association is the only religious influence brought directly to bear in the corps. The object of the association is to keep men loyal to their faith, and to maintain as strong a religious feeling as possible among the Cadets. The work of the Y. M. C. A. this year is very gratifying indeed, and shows a marked improvement. The meetings have been better attended, and more interest taken in the work; the new men especially deserve great credit for their active interest, and their personal efforts in getting others to attend.

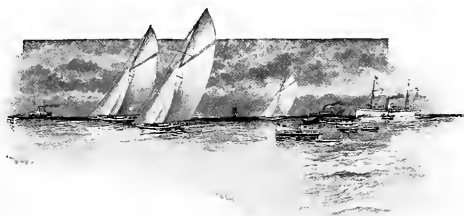
Meetings are held twice a week, immediately after supper. On Sunday regular devotional services, and on Tuesday a Bible Class. To Dr. McBride, who so kindly took charge of our Bible Class, we are deeply grateful. His earnest zeal and interest in our work has been a great source of good to the association.

Five delegates were sent to the State Convention, which met at Newport News. They brought back very interesting accounts of the meetings and the widespread increase of the movement among colleges and towns, as well as the great scope covered by the work in other fields.

During the past year our association has been visited several times by Mr. J. E. Hubbard, College Secretary, and by Mr. L. H. Coulter, State Secretary. Mr. W. D. Weatherford, the Southern representative of the International Committee of the Y. M. C. A., was with us in the latter part of March and conducted meetings on three consecutive nights. His straightforward, business-like talks appealed directly to the men, and did much to increase the interest in the association's work, and to strengthen its influence in the Corps. We wish to thank Mr. Weatherford for his good work and hope to see him again in the near future.

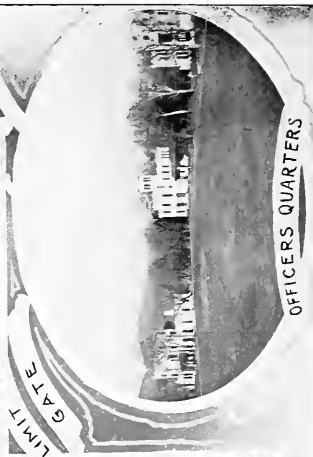
In closing we extend to the new men a cordial invitation to join our organization, and ask that every Cadet will give us his hearty co-operation in the Christian work in this Institute, which is so dear to us all.

W. H., '04.





THE MESS HALL



OFFICERS QUARTERS



VIEW FROM BARRACKS



#### OFFICERS.

M. MILTON, President.

R. B. ALLPORT, Vice-President.

C. D. HAGAN, Secretary.

S. B. BUCKNER, Treasurer.

H. WHITTLE, Sergeant-at-Arms.



THE Cadet-Dialectic Society is the only organization which is allowed among the corps of Cadets. The meetings are held every Saturday night in the society hall immediately after the first inspection, and are allowed to continue until tattoo.

The present organization was formed at the beginning of last year by combining the two societies which then existed in the barrack—the Cadet and the Dialectic. Prior to that time there had been very little interest taken in the societies, and they were allowed to go down, until a few faithful members took hold of them and determined to make them a success. It was a hard thing to do; but they succeeded beyond their own expectations, so that before the year was out the new organization was on a firm basis. The members had the society hall thoroughly renovated, a new carpet put down, and curtains hung. As the result of their strenuous efforts, the society received new life; and now the Virginia Military Institute can boast of a society equal to that of any college in the South.

The Final Celebration last June was pronounced a success by all who were present. It was held in the Jackson-Memorial Hall, and there were three medals given to the best speakers, awarded by judges composed of members of the faculty. The association this year is composed of about seventy-five members. The meetings have been somewhat interrupted by the Saturday night hops, which have been quite frequent; but those that have been held have been well attended and interesting. From time to time there are given in the society hall informal receptions, which are much enjoyed by all the members who attend them.

During the latter part of the session there has been a great deal done to help the society along, both by General Shipp and the faculty. It is needless to say that such assistance has been appreciated very much.

There are many people outside of the barracks who think there is little connected with barrack life that tends to refinement and culture; but the society is a place where a cadet can go and be uplifted for a few hours, and also get rid of military life.

There will perhaps come a day when some of the men who belong to legislative bodies can look back upon this organization as having been instrumental in assisting them to prepare for life's work!

C. D. Hagan.





## Humorisms.



Why do they have oblong tables in the mess-hall?

They are afraid some one might get a square meal.

---

Why not put Krause and his band on the baseball team this year? They are good ball players, especially at Finals.

---

Why are these little pieces called grinds? Because they were made up by cranks.

---

Why is William (conductor of East Lexington Limited) like the mess hall? He is a rank Bill of fare.

---

Dedicated to Cadet C——

Some smell of fish, some achieve the smell of fish, while others have the smell of fish thrust upon them.

---

Cadet:—"Joe, do you believe in the Ground Hog?"

Joe:—"The only ground hog I believe in is sausage."

---

Cadet (at Sutler's):—"Put it down, Krause."

Krause:—"I've stopped puttin' down."

Cadet (vanishing with dog and Crackers):—"Stand it up, then."

---

Cadet:—"Hurry up, Joe! you are always late."

Joe:—"Yes, I intend to have this put on my tombstone, 'The late Joe Pennington.'"

---

Capt. M.——:—"Mr. V——, for what is the Sprengle Air Pump used?"

Cadet Johnny V——:—"To extract air from a vacuum."





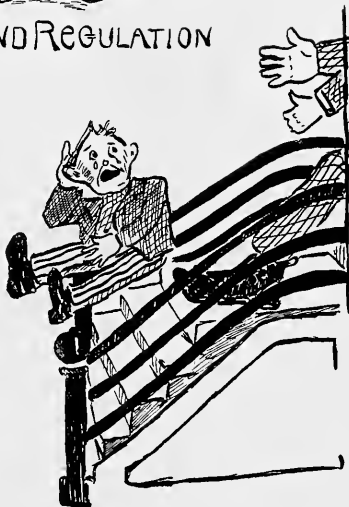
OVERLOAD.



HAND REGULATION



RESISTANCE



BOOSTER

ELECTRICAL TERMS.

W.H. WALKER



First Cadet:—"I heard you were well supplied with eggs on your recent cruise. How did you get them?"

Second Cadet:—"The ship lay to (two) and I got one."

---

"The easiest problem a cadet has to work is his professor."

---

"Uneasy is the head that wears the wig."

---

Commandant's office maxim—  
When you tell a lie, tell a good one; when you tell a good one, stick to it.

---

### FAMILIAR EXPRESSIONS OF FAMILIAR PERSONS.

See! See!

I can't conceive for the life of me.

Steady! As you were.

I te' you it's jus' 'ike 'iss.

Hold it! Hold it!

Come with me, boys, but don't wet your feet.

Ain't that a dandy.

D — — — me.

You might just as well whistle up a chimney.

Your artistic talents are unsurpassed, Mr. L — —.

Anything doin' tonight?

Oh, go 'long, boy.

Eh! Eh! that'll do, get out.

Sentry, call your corp.



SOME SKETCHES ON V. M. I. GRIDIRON.

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I  
Z  
A  
T  
O  
N  
S





**M.P.R.**

members

P.J. Thomson

E.R. Page

**S.A.B.**

members

S.A. Loughridge

J.E. Mart

G.S. Dawley

C.P. Noland

E.F.G. Doyle

Langhorne

L.C. Leftwich

Goats

R.B. Anport

E.C. Caldwell

H.C. Calcutt



Bull



Rabbit



Orang-  
Orang



Goat



Bird



Mule



Rooster



Dog

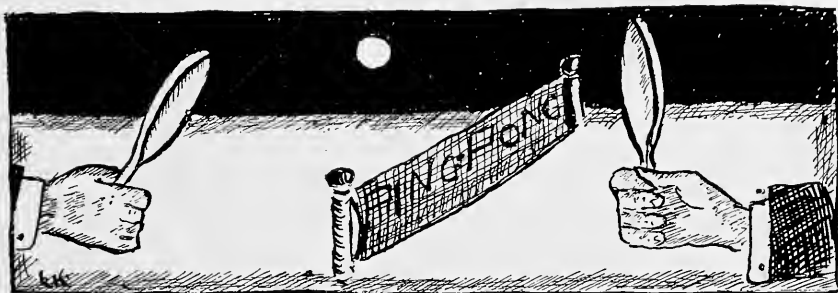


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Chief High Pongest . . . . .	H. P. RANKIN.

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R. H. Brown,	P. L. Minor,
R. B. Claggett,*	S. A. Pace,
D. M. French,	A. H. Smoot,
F. J. Heiberger,	E. C. Waddill.

\*Suffering from Ping Pong Wrist.

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Score:—Forty-one in Ping's favor, with two pings to play and a pong to the good.

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HERR SEMMECHAUSEN, Leader.

Wilhelm Anderson,  
Vögel Brown,  
Katze Carneal,  
Strotzen Ellerson,  
Fritz Ford,  
Deutsche Frenche,  
Wanze Heiberger,

Stumme Lee,  
Starkman Lynch,  
Fledermans Macomber,  
Hahn Minor,  
Kaninchen Shelton,  
Bulle Witte,  
Richter Waddill.

A Few Selections which have been Rendered :—

Overture—Twiddle Dee, Twiddle Dum—Semmechausen.

Waltz—Minna von Barnhelm—Lessing.

Two-Step—Der Fluch der Schönheit—Riehl.

Grand Finale—Rough-House, or Who Made that Noise—The Band.



CELEBRATIONS

FINAL



CALENDAR.



Opening Hop,	Friday, June 19
Society Hop,	Saturday, June 20
Final German,	Monday, June 22
Alumni Banquet,	Tuesday, June 23
Final Ball,	Wednesday, June 24



F  
V  
A  
A  
E



G  
E  
R  
M  
A  
N

# Final German.



## LEADERS.

P. L. MINOR.

G. M. SHELTON.

## ASSISTANT LEADERS.

H. P. RANKIN.

W. T. BLACKWELL.

## OPENING FIGURE.

G. M. Shelton,  
H. P. Rankin,  
S. S. Lee,  
E. S. Shields,  
L. H. McAow,  
E. C. Waddill,  
R. N. Macomber,  
T. White,  
M. McMilton,  
J. Paul,  
W. H. Tate,  
F. J. Heiberger,  
C. S. Mullen,  
J. H. Ellerson,

P. L. Minor,  
W. T. Blackwell,  
O. A. Lynch,  
T. A. Dewey,  
G. S. Dewey,  
W. B. Anderson,  
H. L. Floweree,  
J. F. Philips,  
W. L. Carneal,  
J. D. Owen,  
J. B. Sinclair,  
M. E. Ford,  
R. H. Brown,  
D. M. French.



# Final Ball.



## PRESIDENTS.

C. S. DAWLEY,

J. E. BISCOE.

## VICE-PRESIDENTS.

R. B. CLAGGETT,

W. MAHONE.

## OPENING FIGURE.

J. E. Biscoe,  
C. S. Dawley,  
L. C. Leftwich,  
S. K. Funkhouser,  
H. B. Worden,  
T. C. Gordon,  
D. C. Pearson,  
S. Pace,  
R. B. Allport,  
J. W. Crowdus,  
G. W. Headley,

R. B. Claggett,  
W. Mahone,  
E. F. G. Doyle,  
S. A. Loughridge,  
E. H. Johnson,  
C. P. Noland,  
C. B. Lathrop,  
N. B. Page,  
J. B. S. Orme,  
P. J. Thompson,  
A. P. Upshur,  
J. S. Williams.



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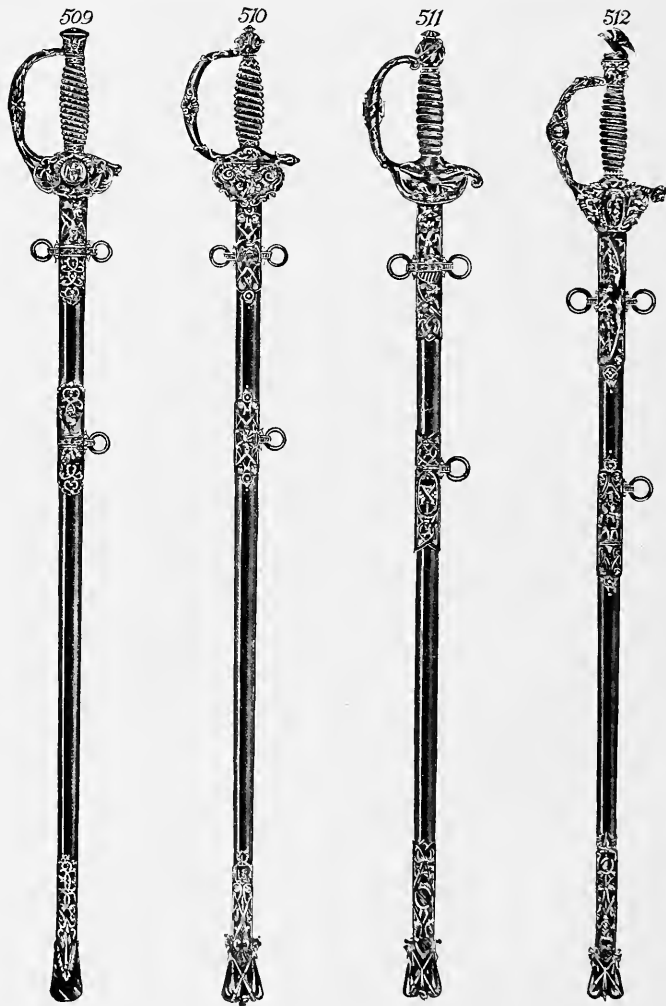


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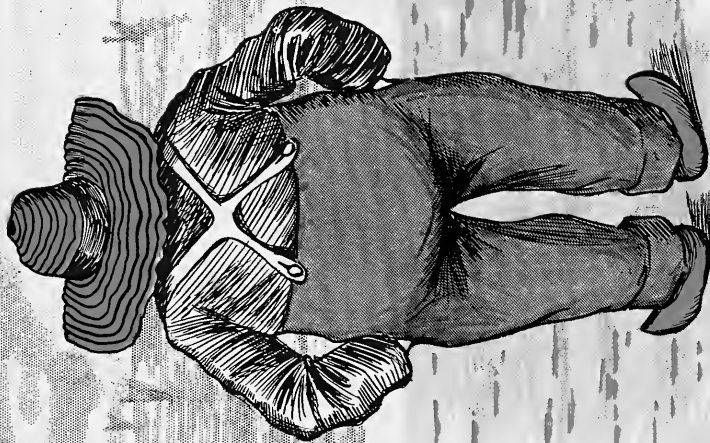
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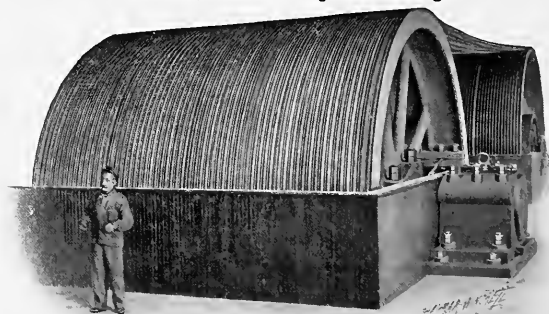


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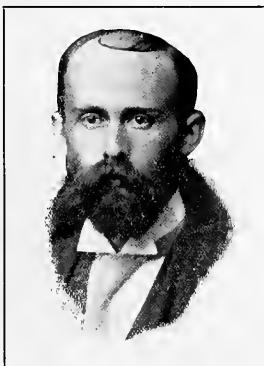


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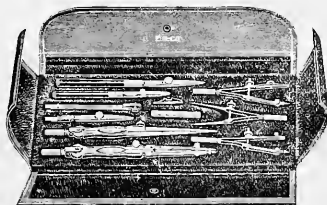


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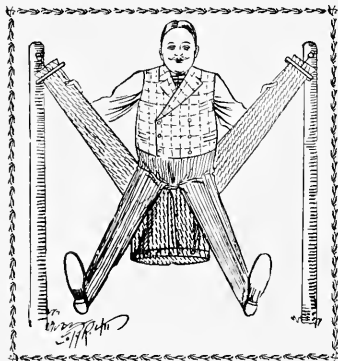
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